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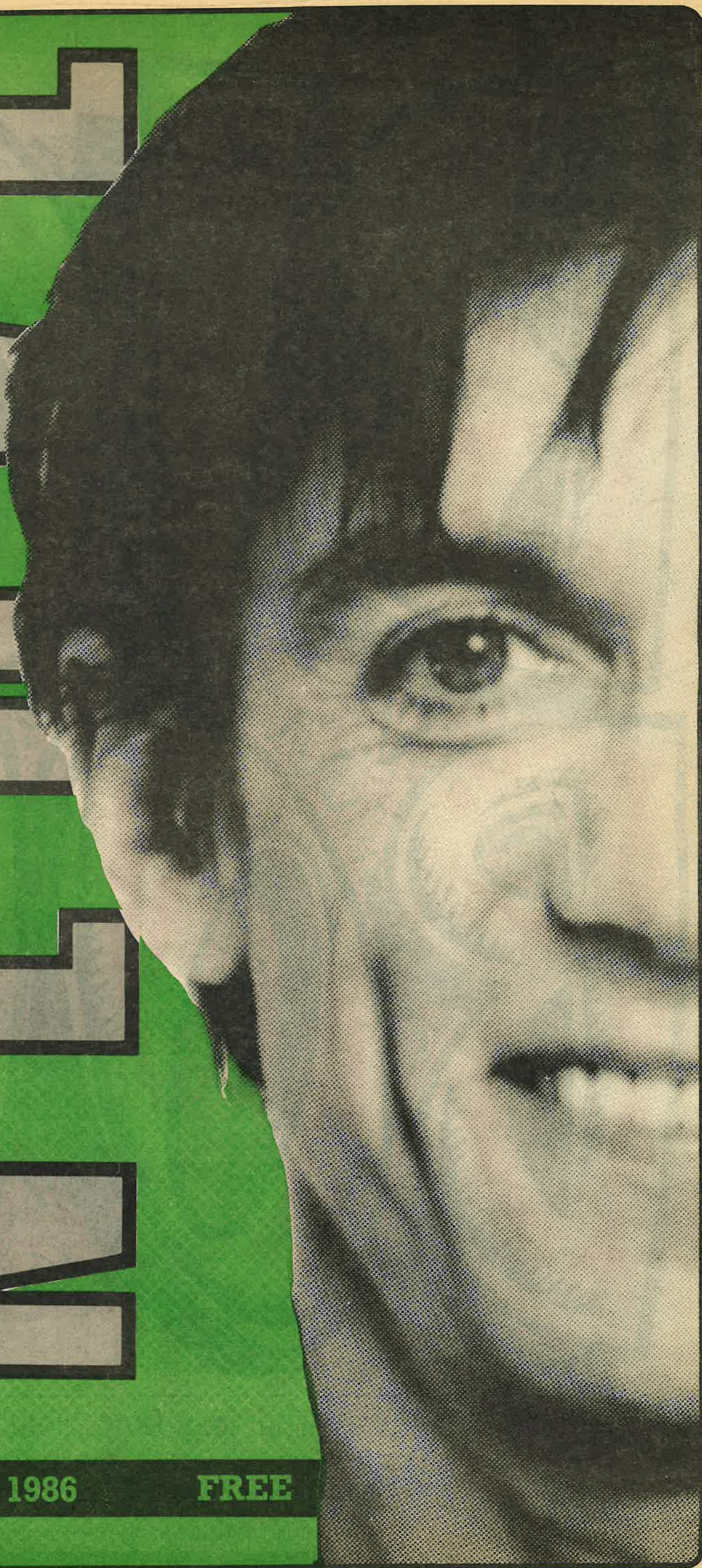
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NOVEMBER 1st 1986

FREE





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MEN use this as your pass

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●

The GARYS

November 9 at The Concert Hall
IGGY POP, FORGOTTEN REBELS

Nov. 18 at R.P.M.
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS

Nov. 26 at R.P.M.
DEJA VODOO, SHADOWY MEN, DUNDRELLS, 10 COMMANDMENTS, DIK VAN DYKES * free

Nov. 26 & 27 at Massey Hall
NEW ORDER, BODINES

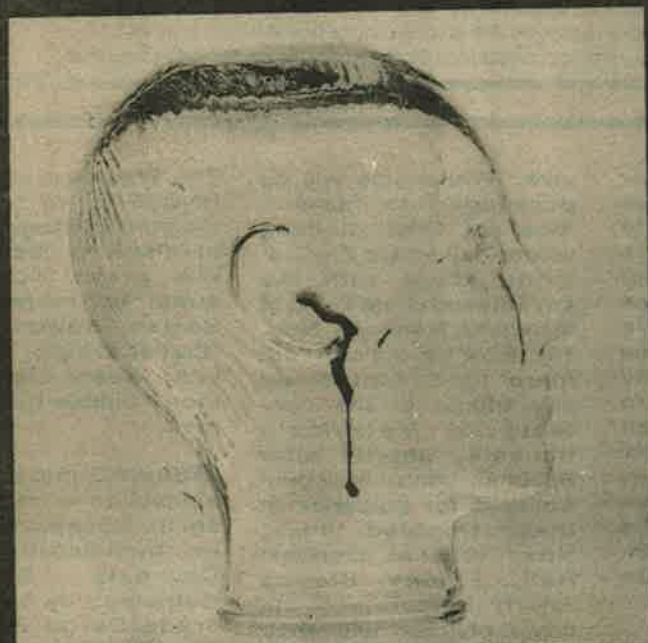
Nov. 28 at The Concert Hall
SLAYER

Nov. 30 at The Diamond
BILLY BRAGG, SAX PISTOLS

Jan. 29
JOHN CALE, CHRIS SPEDDING: DUO

Coming soon: **PETER MURPHY**

NATIONAL VELVET



National Velvet
new 4 song ep

Record Release Party
Diamond: Wednesday, November 19

available at:
Peter Dunn's Vinyl Museum —Bloor W.
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RED LIFE
2nd: NO COVER, ALL DAY!!
Super Blues Jam 2-6pm
STEVEN C. & RED ROCKETS
—TALENT SHOWCASE 7-11pm
with WOMEN & CHILDREN
as the hosting band
3rd: DELTA DEVILS
LARRY GOODHAND, DAVID
OWEN
4th: BOCHE LEAGUE, D.V.P.
PARALLEL FIFTH
5th: SADDLE TRAMPS
ZEBRA PEOPLE
CHINA & GUNS
6th: CKLN presents
record release party for
PARTS FOUND IN SEA
with BORY GROVE
7th: MONDO COMBO
8th: VITAL SINES
FRINGE recording artists
9th: same as last week
10th: DANCING COUNTS
HUMAN INTEREST
BOOKMEN
11th: MONUMENTS GALORE
THE REPUBLIC
13th: PHANTOMS live video shoot
14th-15th: HOPPING PENGUINS
16th: (same as last Sunday, except
Women & Children will be replaced)
17th: THE RAVE
CRAWLING KINGSNOKES
PORNOGRAPHIC SHAKESPEARE
18th: REDLIFE
ALL THE RAGE, BOP TOTEM
19th: THE FATALES
THE BLOW, ONE FREE FALL
20th: CALLING RAIN
MANNEQUIN PARTY
21th: BRATTY
(record release party)
22nd: Elliot Lefko presents
THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS
(tickets \$8 in advance)
23rd: (same as last Sunday)
24th: THOUGHT ROCKETS
CERAFIM, THE RISK
25th: t.b.a.
26th: EUGENE RIPPER
27th: BUNCHO F U C K I N G O O F S
(record release party)
28th—29th: BREEDING GROUND
(live video shoot)
30th: (same as last Sunday)

EVERY TUESDAY: 8-9pm
'A WEDGE OF NIGHT'

UP stairs

to November 23rd:
BUDDIES IN
BAD TIMES
Theatre
and SKY GILBERT
presents
"Drag Queens In Outer Space"
showtimes: Tues-Sat: 8.30pm
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EVERY MONDAY at 10pm
The Illustrated Men
(Comedy Improv.)
admission only \$2
(starting Nov. 3rd)

Starting Mon. Nov. 24th, there will be
ONE cover charge for LEE'S PALACE
seven days a week, upstairs and
downstairs.
(this will not apply for very special
events)

CASUAL CASUALTY

I've never been able to warm up to a computer terminal, but Peter Dako sure can. The latest issue of *Casual Casual*, his graphic/comic magazine cum cultural diatribe, is a tribute to user friendliness. In between the usual assortment of graphic stories and exhaustive reviews of the current Graphix scene, Dako plugs his

new toy with proselytizing zeal. It is an improvement, there's no doubt. Type is clean and easy to read, and the computer treated graphics are quite novel, this first time around. As for the contributions, Dako is turning his once private scrawl into a world-class scrawl. Most welcome of all are the thick, brutal drawings of the aptly named Savage Pencil, a British cartoonist whose view of the world is equal parts "Big Daddy" Roth, Herschell Gordon Lewis and Jackson Pollack. Henriette Valium and Y5P5 commit some fairly disturbing notions to paper, while the linguistic cross-section of contributors, and their purposeful misinter-

preting of the English language can make one a bit ill at ease with one's own native tongue. Imagine Archie, overcome with a digestive problem and an acute case of *weltschmerz*, caving in Juggie's skull for no particular reason, taking off from Riverdale with Veronica in tow, and ending up scrubbing floors in a eunuch whorehouse in Tangiers, and you have the kind of world where contemporary underground, or alternative comix finds solace. It's a rad trip, but one that Dako and *Casual Casual* will take you on anytime you're so inclined. \$3.50 at most good bookstores downtown.

Rick McGinnis



Arthur Blythe — Serge Sloimovits

some like it hot: Jazz at the BamBoo

Here's your chance to get WITH IT, kids. From Nov. 17-22 at the BamBoo, our starving little hamlet gets a solid "week of New Jazz," with the hippest NYC and local sounds that our malnourished minds will have a chance to digest for God-knows-how-long, surpassing even last summer's DuMaurier affair for sheer, 'out-there' thrills.

Monday 17, **Bill Smith** opens for **The Cecil Taylor Unit** with his Bauhause Cabaret Orchestra. Personnel in the Great Piano Mutilator's Unit is still unannounced, but he's been playing NY with a wailin' 8-piecer.

Tuesday, T.O.'s recently returned prodigal sons, **The Shuffle Demons** open for altoist **Arthur Blythe**. Fest promoter Serge Sloimovits admits Art could be the week's weak draw, which is ironic considering he's the only act of the lot signed to a big label (Columbia). Local sex god **Bill Grove**'s newly formed **Not King Fudge** will attempt to blow drummer **Ronald Shannon Jackson's Decoding Society** into the harmolodic hereafter Wed. nite. A thankless job, but best of luck to all contestants.

The World Saxophone Quartet (**Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, David Murray** and **Hamlet Bluiett**) is Thursday's headliner. Just four saxes—but you won't miss the rhythm section. The WSQ just put out a whole LP of beautifully arranged Duke Ellington tunes, so don't stay away because you're scared of cacaphony (although there'll likely be a good dose of that, too). Toronto tenor terror **Paul Cram** opens with his Orchestra.

The weekend will be shoo-ins for big attendance, with **Joe Bowie's Defunkt** and **James Blood Ulmer's** trio the respective showstoppers. Blood will supposedly have a different line-up than he did for his last two gigs here. **Gotham City** and **Whitenoise** (another Bill Grove production) kick things off respectively and respectfully.

Tickets prices are exceedingly reasonable, either \$10 or \$12. A great opportunity for jaded jazz buffs and wet-eared novices alike.

Tim Powis

● Recommended glg things this month: Richard Berry will try to avoid playing 'Louie Louie' at Albert's Hall all week from Nov. 3rd. 'Louie' will win...American-type human person Uncle Bonsal in at RPM Nov. 5th, with Raving Mojo Blair Martin and his Group as part of the bill...Violence & The Sacred play polka hits with a vengeance Nov.

6th at Ildikos (Bloor West), with Varoshi Fame on cosmic ukelele...Parts Found In Sea celebrate the discovery of a crate of records with their name on it with a glg at Lee's Palace on Nov. 6th...How far can a too far get? Metallica pay tribute to the contents of their trousers at Concert Hall Nov. 7th...Iggy Pop does his best Sinatra and Dave Lee Roth routines at the Concert Hall Nov. 9th. Few are expected to sur-

vive...Whitenoise will be persuaded to remove most of their clothing when they share the Diamond stage with the seventeenth best band in the world, Fishbone, Nov. 13...How far out can 'out there' get? Motorhead pay tribute to the contents of Metallica's trousers, shortly after Razor scrutinize their own trousers for guidance in these troubled times, Nov. 15th at Concert Hall...Skinny Puppy return to torment the city's children with their mean metal machine music for an all-ages matinee show at RPM Nov. 16th. Hey, kids, why not bring your parents—this is your chance to really get them back for making you eat those cold mash potatoes...Australian post-punk existentialist milkmen Hunters & Collectors abuse their diggerlodos Nov. 18th at RPM...a good, cheap triple-bill at RPM Nov. 19 with Go Four 3, Groovy Religion and Stuurrn Grooop...Big Twist & The Mellow Fellows play three nights at the Horseshoe Nov. 20-21-22, so that makes it 'nine hundred pounds of heavenly joy'...New Order and The Bodines explain Life and explore the magnificent beauty of the PolyGram promo machine Nov. 26th at Massey Hall...since Peter Gabriel plays the Gardens the same night, let's see if he boots over and involves himself in a gratuitous 'jam' with New Order, thus demonstrating to the audience that boredom is infinite...The Dick Van Dykes, The Dundrells, Ten Commandments and

The Shadowy Men From UNCLE try to 'out-cool' the splendid Deja Voodoo at RPM Nov. 29th, and as the great Humphrey quoth on recent World Series commercials, 'that's living.' Yas yas yas. Keep sending in those bubble gum wrappers.

● Sturm Group is to be included on a compilation set for November release on the Scottish label Cathexis Records, distributed by the Rough Trade/Cartel network. The Sturms will share vinyl space with Psychic TV, Band Of Holy Joy, Attrition, Legendary Pink Dots, Rubella Ballet, Dead Can Dance, Wolfgang Press, Death In June, and The Leather Nun. We're wondering just what exactly will be on the snack tray at the release party...

● Yas, yas, yas, it's true. The Sigue Sigue Sci Fi Sputnik Sex Farce will be showing up at the Diamond Club Nov. 4th to show slides of their vacation and do everything possible to promote their debut masterpiece pop record, **Flog It**. It's almost certain there will be weeping in the aisles. The Spoons are rumoured to be actually playing some music later in the night. It's almost certain that at one point, Gord Deppe will encounter Sigue Sigue Schlep Tony James and blurt out: "I've always admired you and your art. Will you produce our next record?" It's highly likely he will later insist it was a joke. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime ultimate rock party.

COMFORT & JOY

The last few stragglers join the flock, souvenir albums and ashtrays in hand. A very clean gentleman with his own hair assures us that He will be with us shortly. In the meantime, a small "donation" given to the usher breathing down your neck will get you a nifty 15-page pamphlet and a lifetime of His blessing. Hell, what's a couple of bucks for a little salvation, right?

He is really here! The World Famous Reverend Earnest Angle Travellin' Miracle Show is under way. Now, Mr. Angle is without a doubt the most evil-looking person ever to grace a television screen. He has a voice to turn even the strongest stomach. But this man sure knows how to win over an audience.

For 20 minutes, the International Centre is the scene of the most fearsome, relentless, sales pitch in marketing history. There is a Hell. There is a devil and he has us all by the balls. The world will end. There is no way to stop it. UNLESS, unless we all open our

hearts (pronounced wol'et) and give HIM our ...help (pronounced \$\$\$).

The ushers appear again with plastic buckets large enough to empty the deepest pockets. Elderly widows, crippled children, ethnics in bad suits, all rush to the stage to be the first to exchange their \$500 "gifts" for a handshake and HIS blessing. When the flow slows down, Earnest himself travels throughout the hall, rustlin' up \$200 and \$100 donations. Those who find themselves a little short are quickly given pre-addressed envelopes for future use.

When every last offering has been collected, the sermon continues. And once again the wallets open. As hundreds of people rush forward, Earnest lies down on the stage and reads the denomination of each bill aloud as it is handed to him. Five Ten. Twenty. Fifty. "Some of these higher denominations are so pretty."

For a full two and a half hours, Toronto's less fortunate give till it hurts in hopes of a miracle. The glint in his eye shows that Earnest has seen a miracle. Seven hundred sets of hands raise towards the ceiling while 700 pockets are emptied is indeed a miracle. The miracle called AMERICAN CAPITALISM.

Slug

FARM UPDATE

LOUIE



WHO? RICHARD BERRY, that's who!

Grab yourself a guitar and sit down; while you're at it, grab one of those remedial instruction manuals. Play the A-chord you see diagrammed on page 2. Hit it three times, then switch to a D. Two hits, then over to an E. Three times there, then retrace your steps. Pretty easy, right?: 1-2-3, 1-2, 1-2-3, 1-2, 1-2-3, 1-2... You can go on for three minutes, 12 minutes, however long you want—this month's NERVE cover-boy has even advocated 55 minutes of this bizarre ritual. Feel free to jump around the room for effect. Now you've got it: You're rockin'! You're wailin'! You're playing 'Louie Louie'.

With or without systematic appraisal, most rock'n'roll fans should have an intuitive understanding of 'Louie's' mythological stature. Three thousand cover versions later, you begin to suspect something's up. As might be expected from such a maze of obscurity, the original 'Louie'—written and recorded by Richard Berry in 1956—has been either forgotten or overlooked altogether. Likewise for Berry, a seminal figure for reasons that extend beyond 'Louie.'

For starters, there's the Flairs' incredibly primitive 'She Wants to Rock,' the first single Berry ever cut (1953); his guest shot on the Robins' 'Riot in Cell Block No. 9,' Leiber and Stoller's masterpiece (1955); the Dreamers' 'Next Time' and 'The Big Break,' the latter a wild sequel to 'Riot' (1955). Berry's brutally nasal baritone carries each of those records, makes them sound as dangerous today as the day they were recorded.

Strange, because Berry's real strength was the beauty of his voice: the doo-wop purity of 'Together,' the ethereal dreaminess of 'Pretty Brown Eyes.' Speaking over the phone from L.A., Berry recalled his reluctance to participate on 'Riot.'

"Mike (Leiber) and Jerry (Stoller) wanted me to do 'Riot' because they wanted that (nasalizes) *na-na-na-na-na*. I was honored, but I really didn't like the song. I was used to doo-woppin', and when you doo-wop you're always singing to the chicks—this was going to take me completely away. But since they said my name was going to be on the record, I said OK, great."

'Riot' ostensibly documents an aborted prison break, but in intervening years it has been accepted as a white man's

manifesto for exploding black consciousness: "pass the dynamite, 'cause the fuse is lit." Berry's self-penned follow-up, 'The Big Break,' was more comically grounded, but—thanks to lines like "now run, run *real* fast"—sounds just as sinister today.

"'The Big Break' was a naturally imitative. Modern Records knew that was me on 'Riot,' and they prevailed upon me to do something like that for them. But 'Riot' had died down, so they missed the opportunity for a hit by waiting so long."

Caught short on my homework, it comes as a surprise to find out that Richard was Etta James' sparring partner on 'Roll With Me Henry.' The two still keep in touch, a friendship that set into motion Berry's upcoming visit to Albert's Hall this month.

"Yeah, I'm Henry—I'm hoping I can find a girl up in Toronto to sing that with me. I also wrote those awful answer songs Etta had: 'Hey Henry,' 'You're Doin' All Right Henry.' And I wrote 'Good Rockin' Daddy,' which was a pretty big song for her."

History charted, we now arrive at *that* song. First, a personal pantheon of 'Louie Louie' paraphenelia: covers, references, cheats.

☐ Kingsmen (1963): The version that overshadowed (and simultaneously secured) Berry's place in history. Infamous for the singer's botched lyric, this hit No. 2 on *Billboard* and remains the best version available.

☐ Black Flag (1981): Recrossing 'Louie' with the frightening undertow of 'Riot,' Rollins and company captured hatred in just over a minute: "who needs love/when you've got a gun?"

☐ Iggy Pop (1973): It wasn't 55 minutes, as promised, but it was what the bottle-throwing burnouts at Michigan Palace deserved. Iggy's disbelieving "I never thought it would come to this" is my favorite line of rock'n'roll criticism never written.

☐ Sandpipers (1966): Following their unofficial cover ('Guan-tanamera'), this beautiful version proved how adaptable Berry's opus is.

☐ Joy Division (*Still*, 1981): After a sloppy cover of 'Sister Ray' (the avant-garde 'Louie Louie'), Ian Curtis deadpans, "you should hear our version of 'Louie Louie'—wow." Really spooky.

☐ Johnny Thunders (1982): An admittedly sentimental choice, but a fine version nonetheless.

☐ Dropouts (1981): This was my band, in our first (and last) public performance. If there's only one way to play 'Louie Louie' wrong, we must have lucked onto it.

☐ Toots & the Maytals (1975): Probably the cheeriest version around, the antithesis of Black Flag.

☐ Greil Marcus ("Presliad," 1975): The centerpiece of *Mystery Train*, this epic account of Elvis takes a quick detour into the chronology of 'Louie' from Berry to the Stories.

☐ Soup Greens ('Like a Rolling Stone,' 1966): From the liner notes to *Pebbles, Vol. 1*: "It's been said that the punk bands of the 60's could transform *any* song into 'Louie Louie,' and this record is certainly one of the more amusing proofs."

You'll notice the omission of the Dreamer's own version: my attachment to 'Louie Louie' has been irrevocably shaped by the Kingsmen's interpretation, leaving Berry's radically different original as little more than a historical curio. Besides the Beach Boys, who recorded a Dreamer-derived version in 1964, I ask Berry if anyone else retained the spirit of the original. Brace yourself, because this gets surreal.

"There's one version that's exactly mine, but ten or 15 years later, Barry White did 'Louie Louie' off his *Beware* album. Barry and I sound alike, and everybody's always telling me that Barry copped my style. He did a 12-minute version with a Gene Paige arrangement, horns, the whole bit. It was really great."

"Matter of fact, Barry went to Carver Junior High School, which was not too far from the school I went to, Barry says he

used to see me driving down the street, and he'd say, 'there goes Richard Berry, and one of these days I'm gonna be singing just like Richard Berry.' I was really flattered, because Barry's a tremendous vocalist. He's got a *heck of a* version of 'Louie Louie.'

Berry also speaks with amazement of a 13-minute version by the Hell's Angels, played for him during a 1983 "Maximum 'Louie Louie'" festival in Los Altos, California. Richard had the pleasure (?) of hearing some 800 versions of his song during the festival. Fearing the man must be perpetually on the brink of nervous breakdown, I skip forward to the present.

"Believe it or not, I just recorded a gospel album. It might not be the best piece of work I've done, but it was the easiest. I didn't have to worry about gimmicks and things, it was just straight-out soul singing."

Don't miss your chance to see the Patron Saint of three-chord bliss in person; until then—you guessed it—we gotta go now.

Phillip Dellio



ck8!1n

Every year CKLN asks its listeners to help keep the station on the air. This year is no different. Your help is needed to buy records, headphones, microphones, expand the library, repair broken equipment and pay for all the other little things that keep CKLN operating on a daily basis.

ALL pledges over \$35 receive a 100% cotton CKLN T-Shirt. A pledge of \$50 earns you a CKLN Sweatshirt. Get yours now and show the world that you support alternative radio in Toronto. Listen to CKLN 88.1 FM between October 24th and November 3rd for our annual FUNdraising Drive and win more fab prizes. Phone 595-1478 for more information on how you can help out.

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Sleepy LaBeef —Steve Good

Meet
La BEEF

“TORE UP!”

The mighty baritone howls and
his big jowels shakes as the big boss
man with the old Gibson guitar
tears into his 1959 hit.

Yeah, it's for real, a veritable
slice of music history last month at
the Horseshoe.

The big man is Sleepy LaBeef, a
6'6" 260-pound mentor of rockabilly
with a voice to match.

He's in a good mood tonight before
the show, mingling with fans, chatting,
shaking hands and signing autographs.

Before the night is out, he'll play
nearly 100 songs in two sets, randomly
choosing songs off the top of his head,
ranging from Hank Williams to the
Blasters. This is to be expected from a
guy who remembers Elvis as a pimply
blonde teenager.

At his hotel room in the Waldorf
Astoria, the man behind the voice is
watching the local newscast. On the cof-
fee table in front of him, looking almost
shrine, is Sleepy's cool black cowboy
hat. Against the stark wall sits a pair of
patent leather cowboy boots. Sleepy is
relaxing in his battered black leather
jacket and biker cap.

Born in Smackover, Arkansas, in
1935, Sleepy got his first guitar at 14
when he traded a .22 calibre rifle to his
brother-in-law. After messing around
with that guitar, the young Sleepy pur-
chased a mail order Gene Autry cowboy
guitar. That piece hung around until he

finally got his Gibson ES-150. By this
time, Thomas Paulsley 'Sleepy' LaBeef
(so-named because of his heavy eyelids)
was an 18-year-old land surveyor living
in Houston about to start a lifetime
career touting the soon to be discovered
sounds of rock & roll.

"I don't want to sound immodest, but
I think the good Lord blessed me with
the ability to play music. I learned
rhythm guitar in a week, and lead guitar
two weeks later. Now, there are those
who might say I never did learn to play
lead..."

If he was blessed, it was with the
ability to learn songs. His repertoire has
been estimated at 6,000.

"It's been estimated at 6,000, it could
be more or less. I'll tell you one thing,
it's probably easier to sit down and
count my money than my songs."

Much of his drive comes from his
faith. He is a deeply religious man, but
will only elaborate by admitting his
musical discipline is rooted in southern
religious upbringing.

It takes a hell of a lot of believing to
be on the road for 30 years, 300 nights a
year, and still love doing it.

You can be certain that at any given
moment, in some faraway club, Sleepy
LaBeef will be mingling about in his silk
suit, tipping his black cowboy hat.
When he plugs in that old Gibson and
cranks the volume, you'll know that
young Memphis truck driver meant it in
1955 when he yelled, "I heard the news,
there's good rocking tonight!"

Steve Good

TRUE
STUFF



David Byrne —Warner Bros.

FILM

True Stories
directed by David Byrne

True Stories is David Byrne's
answer to your next question:
what's next? Byrne's careers, as
top Head, as a solo artist, as a
collaborator, with Eno, with Twyla
Tharp, as designer (see the cover
of TIME) and now as filmmaker
(see this film!), have seen innova-
tion follow innovation, success
follow success. Frankly, that the
man is a success does this soci-
ety credit; we tend to admire im-
beciles and imbue dogs with a
god-like status.

Innovator is an overused noun.
In fact I won't use it to describe
David Byrne because it isn't good
enough for him but oh, what a
movie! It's so good, Ron Base
didn't get it! Shit, I didn't get half
of it—but then again I didn't get
half of 8 1/2; so either way I was
left with four and a quarter's
worth of mental dynamite.

Byrne is the great com-
municator, a benevolent om-
nipresence who guides viewers in
the theatre and characters in the
film on a tour of American pop
mythology.

From the opening lesson on the
history of Texas, through a living
museum of American hyperbole,
to the last shot of a highway
dividing two fields—one furrow-
ed, the other wild—Byrne takes
no sides, makes no judgements,
draws no great moralistic conclu-
sions. Like some latter-day Rod
Serling, he presents for our con-
sideration a benign Twilight Zone.

The characters are portraits in
one dimension, living 'still lifes'
who provide for the satire of
songs like 'Wild Wild Life.' The
people of the make-believe town
of Virgil, Texas are about as wild

as a weekend in Don Mills—but
they are special. They were born
on the covers of supermarket
tabloids along with osmotic diet
plans and Marie Osmond; they
are the kind of 'everyday people'
who would advertise for a wife or
claim to have written 'Billy Jean'
for Michael Jackson.

But they are the last to
recognize weirdness in their
neighbours and least of all
themselves; what makes them
special is unknown to them. So
they celebrate it by declaring a
Celebration of Specialness.

Weaving through out this, like
Theseus in the Labyrinth, Byrne
is there with his thread. It gets
frayed here and there, what with
disturbing diversions into the
merits of prefabricated steel
buildings, but it's all part of the
deal. You pay for every second of
True Stories.

As far as the Talking Heads are
concerned True Stories is an
album with the Talking Heads
playing the music from the film.
The next Talking Heads album
will be the soundtrack music
from the film with the characters
from the film playing the music.
It's a different story entirely:
especially a beautiful falsetto of
'People Like Us' by one half of
the happy couple who haven't
spoken in years. The entire
nature of the song changes and
this is true for all nine; each one
enhances the visual media.

The film is indescribable. But
then again, I usually enjoy films
that critics have the most difficul-
ty reviewing. Go see the movie or
stop breathing for 20 minutes;
either way we all gotta go
sometime.

Denis Seguin

GET ON THE RIGHT TRACK



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Rescued from jazz hell

■ NANCY LANTHIER sees MOLLY JOHNSON debut at The Imperial Room, and finds the local girl a reluctant chanteuse. RICK MCGINNIS catches Molly in mid-flight.

Molly Johnson isn't in a good mood today.

"Erica-fucking-Ehm's around the corner interviewing some stupid band. *Police Academy Part-fucking-Four* is shooting on the street. This morning is not going well..."

You'd think someone who'd just spent the past week headlining at the prestigious Imperial Room wouldn't have to put up with all the crap. But then they don't usually live above the notorious Cameron House, either.

Cheer up, Molly, there must be some memorable highlights.

"Yeah, the fact that it's over. It was a nightmare from start to finish. I certainly wasn't doing it for the exposure, and certainly not for the money," she says coldly. "I walked away with less than \$200 after paying for everything. It was very expensive."

"Like I said to CBS when they came to see me: 'You're the guys who're going to rescue me from Jazz Hell.' I mean it. I'll do this again when I'm 50, or something. I didn't set out to be a jazz singer."

She could have fooled me, and the adoring capacity crowd on opening night. Molly was as brilliant. Songs by Gershwin, Monk, Ellington, Holiday, and the rambling beauty, 'Neon Blue' by Aaron Davis were superbly performed. She has a powerful, confident vocal range, swinging

from a sultry, slurred scat to a beefy Etta James growl. The grooves laid down by the band were as warm and sweet as a liqueur (which would have cost about \$9 at the Imperial Room) and every so often they'd really kick, and the audience either howled or tapped their glasses, depending on which contingent they were coming from: the regular I.P. set or Queen St. W. way removed (like the Bunchofuckingfoofs at the table behind ours).

For the most part silent between songs, she merely hinted at the vivacity which she usually lets fly at her Cameron gigs. Of course she was nervous.

"And not just the first night, but every fuckin' night!" Molly affirms. "You never completely overcome that when you're playing in a big room. You have to shift that energy from one thing to another. It makes you stronger in a way."

While the steamy intimacy of those splendid Blue Monday gigs was impossible to conjure here because of the largeness of this venue, the music still managed to bring one back to the laidback, smoke-filled clubs of the 40's, to Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith.

"I'm a bit irritated when people gush about this, because it's Duke Ellington and George Gershwin. This is not Molly Johnson." Understandable. While she's constantly involved with the writing process for Alta Moda (recently signed to CBS in New York and Molly's "main priority"), she hasn't written at all for this jazz thing. Have all the best jazz songs been written?

"No. But Yes. I can't answer that. Because Aaron turns out 'Neon Blue'—but that's one in a million. Sade—there's a couple of good tunes there. It's not dead; jazz is on the up swing. People wanna hear real instruments again, real piano, a real voice." But some critics, it seems, are

more interested in the facade. The Globe missed the expensive demeanour, a suggestion of some diamond life. He complained about Molly's preference to sit during most of the performance (how ridiculously trite), and The Sun expected Aunt Jemimah.

"How can you do a review and not talk about (bassist) Dave Piltch? How can you not talk about Aaron Davis?" asks the frustrated singer. "Then there's Liz Braun asking 'Where's my pigfoot and my bottle of gin?' Like, let me shuffle and jive on over to you with your fuckin' mint julep, you cunt. Let's set the black race right on back. What's the matter, are all black people heroin addicts/musicians/basketball player fuck-ups? I was totally insulted."

Backstage on opening night, Molly signs her autograph for a grinning waiter, and receives big hugs and mumbled congratulations from Salome Bey. Mom assures her she was extraordinary and tells me she'd known all along Molly would get this far. "I thought she was going to be a gym teacher for a while. She was accepted at the National Ballet School, but refused to go because she wouldn't wear a uniform." Fucking typical.

There's definitely an air of accomplishment; the whole band is smiling at one another. For them, doing well tonight could mean more prestigious gigs and maybe a record for CBS. For Molly, a remarkable singer and aspiring philanthropist, it means something more.

"A few other local acts could be booked in there and that's due to my incredible pushing and shoving of (agent) Gino Empry. He's going to look around T.O. for other acts and that was my main reason for doing this date. It's a great room—it should be opened up to other performers. That battle has been won."

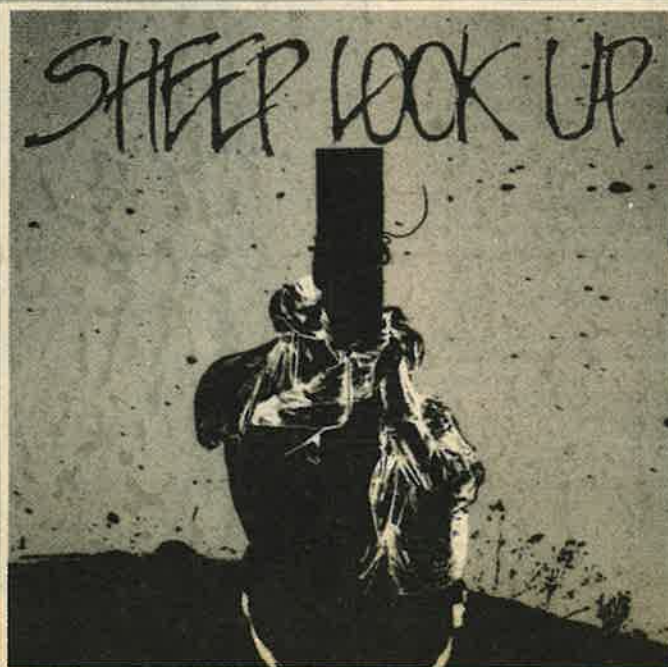


Molly Johnson —Rick McGinnis

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- NOV 21 — TORONTO, RIVOLI

THE PRINCE OF

O

P

"I hope it hasn't been unsatisfactory," said Iggy Pop apologetically, after warning me we could only talk for another couple of minutes. "Sometimes it's just so fucking hard to talk on the fucking telephone."

That's the "new" Iggy for you, a man of humility, consideration, and blah blah blah.

The "old" Iggy led a band called the Stooges, took a lot of drugs (eventually settling into the placid world of junk) and, in his music, spewed out many twisted variations on a single, simple theme: Life's boring, so let's fuck.

This seemed like a real cool attitude when I bought *Raw Power* 13 years ago. It was the Stooges third (and last) album, but it was the first time I took the plunge with Iggy. For months, the line "I'm a streetwalkin' cheetah with a heart fulla' napalm" ricocheted around my skull; soon I bought the first two LPs and became attuned to the Pop way of thinking.

Iggy really seemed to have a handle on things, especially women. He could be tender ("I'll whip you/Baby, you whip me"); affectionate ("Now I wanna/Be yer dawg"); sympathetic ("If you're alone and ya got the shakes/So am I, baby, and I got what it takes"); philosophical ("It's another year for me 'n' you/Another year with nuthin' ta do"); even self-analytical ("I been dirt/And I don't care").

In those days, The World's Forgotten Boy had no time to make apologies. Appropriately, the music was a 3-chord, ritualistic, Marshall-driven, primitive, urban-jungle thump-saurus party.

Since the Stooges' demise, the Ig's lyrics have become more oblique, and the music more conventionally melodic, although the basic issues appear to be the same. *Blah Blah Blah*, his first record since 1982's *Zombie Birdhouse*, is his most sophisticated product to date, with David Bowie producing for the first time since he handled *Lust for Life* in '77. So, whatcha' been doin' for the last few years, Ig?

"I wanted to get a clearer focus in my work. I felt my singing was losing a little connection with real life, probably because I was doing a whole lot of touring and putting out albums on a yearly basis. That's because in the first eight or nine years that I was singing, I couldn't get anybody to book me for a whole tour! Everybody was too afraid. So when I had the opportunity, I jumped in with both feet.

"Anyway, what I've been doing is just some real living. I wanted to hang out in the world of theatre. I went to New York, got myself a SAG card, and started auditioning for a lot of acting roles, the first 40 of which I didn't get. I eventually got a couple of them (bit parts in *Sid and Nancy* and *The Color of Money*). I took classes with some hungry young actors, which was a good chance for me to interact with people in a performance situation without my armour on—you know, without a rock situation to back me up.

"In the meantime, I was doing things like carrying on a steady relationship, having a fixed address, shopping for dinner and taking care to do it my way, travelling to some interesting parts of the world—reorganizing my life, basically."

by **Tim Powis**

I guess you've been getting quite a few royalties from Bowie covering 'China Girl' and 'Tonight'.

"Not just his covers, although those have been good. *Desperately Seeking Susan* was good for me, because they used that bit of 'Lust for Life.' *The Hunger*, one film that Bowie was in, used 'Funtime.' I wrote the title track for *Repo Man*. And there was the Grace Jones cover of 'Nightclubbing' and my own catalogue; my own recordings have been consistent."

Who's in the touring band, the same people as on the record?

"Not exactly, but Kevin Armstrong, who played all the guitars on the record with the exception of 'Cry for Love,' is the head of the touring band, and he is a motherfucker. He's terrific. The other members, they're not stars, but they're awfully, awfully good players. It's just a little old band, four guys and me. I'm really lookin' forward to workin' live."

How do you and Bowie collaborate as songwriters?

"There are different ways. On this album, sometimes we took the most basic approach; we'd just go down to the basement after dinner and start knockin' around. He'll play an instrument and I'll start singing something. The most important thing to me in that situation is to quickly come up with a title or a concept that lends itself to the imagination, which then hopefully spurs us on to complete a really neat song. 'Cause if you're bored, you don't wanna carry on. Your thoughts can take a dull turn.

"A song like 'Isolation' would be basically music by both of us, words completely by me. 'Shades' is music completely by David, words by David and me. He noticed something about me. It was at a birthday party, and he watched me taking pleasure in seeing my wife opening some presents. He was moved by that to write a song about my experience from my point of view. He had the concept and then came the next day and handed me a cassette and said 'Listen to this.' And I said, 'Well, it's great, but...' Then I put my own twist on it."



Iggy Pop —Collins & Taylor Management

cont. pg. 22

feelin' groovy

Rick McGinnis
sings the
blues with
thin white
theives,
GROOVY
RELIGION



Groovy Religion (l-r: William, Steve, Mike, Scott) — Rick

Over half a decade's experience in Toronto bars have made survivors out of Groovy Religion. Changes in the band's sound, which began as a beat-box propelled specimen of what we call the dirge, are minor compared to the rise and fall of bands that have fallen by Groovy's side. Yet only now have Groovy seen it fit to produce an album, *Thin Gypsy Thief*, due shortly on Montreal's Psyche Industry records. This, however, mightn't even have come to pass if Groovy Religion hadn't gotten the blues.

And what is the blues, boys?

Scott: "It's feeling something really strongly."

Mike: "It's pouring out your emotions in 12 bars."

William: "It's a man feeling bad because either his medicine or his woman ran out..."

Scott: "... and feeling better because he's singing about it."

Of course, it's not all that simple, as the band will attest. In the words of Groovy front-man William New...

"My soul's hurtin', Rick, I want to sing the blues."

Groovy Religion starts with William New, one-time proprietor of the Bev's Elvis Mondays and self-confessed musicologist, and guitarist Steve Mahabir. Groovy's only surviving original members, they started the band nearly

six years ago over a tape recorder in, of all places, Mississauga. "We were a drone band," admits New, recalling the early days, when the band made demos before venturing onto a stage, and swamped their sound in a dense echo. Members came and went, until the arrival two and a half years ago of bassist Scott B. and drummer Glen Milchem (since replaced by a dude called Mike). This rhythm section came to define Groovy Religion's sound, to the point where, today, that rhythm is the most distinctive facet of the band's sound.

Perhaps it's a compliment to the band's professionalism, but the first and foremost topic of discussion with Groovy Religion is, believe it or not, music. Ethics, trends, and philosophies trail far behind in matters of importance. Theatricality of character and forced outrageousness are not issues. More than anything else, the band are a well-spoken outfit that have seen their way through some severe times to the point where they can just live with their situation and the multitude of contradictions offered by this decidedly absurd circus known as rock and roll, Canadian division.

William New will talk about the blues with you any old time. It makes sense that a man who would make a church from the cultural detritus of Elvis Presley would be able to take a comfortable verbal stroll through the often dingy halls of the rock and roll edifice. He arrived at the blues via the roots of rock, and found it a very nice place. So, it seems, does his band.

"I think," says Scott B., "we're all kinda bluesy-type guys."

And why not, even for a bunch of boys from the suburbs?

"We use blues," Scott explains, "as a starting point for the sound."

Certainly it's there. Live, the band chooses its covers carefully. Muddy Waters' 'Mannish Boy' segues into John Lee Hooker's 'Mad.' A Bo Diddley jam can extend for 20 minutes, incorporating Eric Burdon into the process. Most tellingly, the group covers the Animals' 'We Gotta Get Outta This Place,' taking it up to the chorus, where it drops neatly into their own 'Kitchen Boy.' Telling because Groovy Religion follow firmly in the tracks of people like Eric Burdon and Nick Cave—white musicians who have synthesized the blues with no small amount of reverence, into their own stew of cultural influences to create something decidedly modern.

Scott: "Anything I've ever written sounds like something else in the beginning."

William: "It's all rock and roll, right?"

And rock and roll, as the Groovies have discovered, lives in bars. 'Mannish Boy,' by now as hoary an old classic as 'Gloria' or

'Takin' Care of Business' for that matter, lives in bars. "We are playing in bars," New shrugs, "so why not play that song?"

It just gives people something to catch on to," says Scott.

"You have to kind of trick people into listening," William continues. "Unless you're preaching to the converted."

And that's what an album's for, right? Profletysing?

"I'd like to sell lots of records," says William. "I'm in this for the duration. It might not happen for 10 years."

"On a good day, Take a walk to the corner store Buy yourself some six-packs of beer And spend the rest of the day in bed."

"I think we're all kinda bluesy type guys," Scott says.

"This band almost self-destructed a few years ago. I'm pretty proud of this band, which survived the personal problems of some of its members, namely myself."

William New had just finished saying this, and had started into his next sentence, when the band erupted into howls of laughter.

"Now THAT'S A QUOTE!"

Regardless, it's also the truth. New isn't at all bashful about referring to a time in his life when, two or three years ago, he was a junkie, and ended up spending time behind bars, on a drug-dealing charge, and picking up a love for basketball. Songs like 'Kitchen Boy' come out of that time.

"My soul's hurtin' Rick. I want to sing the blues."

I have no problem with that. Still...

"That's one of the reasons I talk so much about the blues," New explains. "I don't want to be called a Goth-drone-Gloom-Doom band."

I have no problem with that, either.

Neither do the band, who ring off, when asked about influences, a roll call of names from Joe Jackson to Lou Reed to Nick Cave to Woody Guthrie. As for the future, look no further than the last track of *Thin Gypsy Thief*. 'Younger Calls,' featuring Scott B. on acoustic guitars, is based loosely around Spanish folk music, and complemented by lyrics recalling some murky viewed Moorish jihad. As a textural change, and a piece of production, it's a remarkable way to end the record, and according to New, it's a little preview of the next disc.

"I'm in this for the duration," New told me. "I don't at all mind the thought of ending up in a bar band singing the blues, playing in Northern Ontario bars for \$200 a week."

But that's the future. Then and now, it's all pretty groovy.

return of the Rocket men

by Helen Lee

"I think it's very important to have an image."

Daniel Ash
of Love and Rockets

Bauhaus, despite the cumbersome baggage of a still rabid following (and interviewers who insist upon dredging up the name), spawned several distinct pop entities. Love and Rockets, its most commercially successful offspring, appear to be suffering, at least in Britain, the symptoms of a slump. Says Daniel Ash, guitarist for both the former and the latter bands, "I don't think the English are really into the sort of music we're doing at the moment." To wit: "we're not in fashion there."

Although the abbreviated British tour was a disappointment (the London gig expected), Ash remains optimistic about the 42-date, two-and-a-half month tour which winds down in L.A. at year's end. "We just seem to

be connecting better with the Americans and Canadians at the moment."

Having shifted your musical direction away from synth and even venturing into acoustic, do you have any comments about

the roster of guitar-oriented bands (ie: potential playlist mates) who are currently gripping the nerve of North American youth?

"Like who?"

You know...REM. The Replacements. Husker Du... "Who? (As Ash is quick to point out, Love and Rockets do not partake of any scene per se.) We're real outsiders to everything."

Come now (let's not talk about the advantages of hermetic, internalized musical inspiration).

"Well...REM...they're the real thing. (The shell is cracking...) I'm listening to *Broken English* and Iggy Pop's new record (revealing a yawning chasm...) I like the Jesus and Mary Chain. I like the production. They sound really radical. The melody's wonderful—it's really low in the mix...Sophia Loren."

What?
"You're talking about a dream world, aren't you? Who'd I like to work with...in a dream world?"

Um, yeah.

For the very obvious reason that musicians are musicians rather than writers or lecturers, Ash seems more comfortable talking about faves (Bowie, Beatles, Stranglers, Haysi Fantayzee) and potential producers

(Eno, Tony Visconti, Nick Lowe) rather than their new album, *Express*.

"It's very direct," he points out (and continued to point out three more times during our conversation). "Essentially, it's a rock 'n' roll album. We had more fun recording it than we've had with anything else. But, I'd rather you listen to it than have me talk about it."

But talk we must.

Just a few months before Love & Rockets, Simple Minds staked a claim to Springsteen country with 'Don't You'—a song they didn't write. Jim Kerr rationalized that, no matter, it's a song that sounds like one they would have written. Having broken onto the American market, or at least the dance floors, with a cover song, do you feel redemptive action is in order?

"We took a lot of time rewriting and took a few liberties with the lyrics. We wanted to sound like no one else but ourselves. We were surprised at the success of 'Ball of Confusion'—it was very encouraging."

You mention lyrics. You're a cynical lot.

"At times, though it crosses over to optimism, too."

Care to elaborate?

"Well, it's the whole opposition between good and evil, black and white, yin and yang."

Ah...

The silence over the wire, across thousands of miles, infers that Ash does not care to elaborate. At this moment, a choice quote from Dante or some Felliniesque reference to the moral desecration of our times would

make this writer's job a lot easier in terms of shoring up Love and Rockets' lyrical philosophy.

Let's try again.

Despite repeated references to Christianity, you seem to view your spirituality in secular rather than religious terms.

"Yes."

We're on better ground with the image issue. After all, Bauhaus had the best t-shirts; not to mention complete control over the packaging and marketing of the *Best of* double-album.

How interested are you in using promotional media to project an image?

"It's funny, the image thing, because even with Bauhaus, it wasn't intentional—let's all wear this—it's not that situation. That's something that takes care of itself. We're not preoccupied with that. It happens naturally."

Hit the rewind—let's go back to Ash's first quote. And the glossy poster which comes with the album. And the promo picture that's stamped 'DO NOT USE AFTER APRIL 1987.' But music's never had anything to do with logic (or some may naively say, image).

"I think we're most interested in melody."

Melody? (the abrupt change of subject befuddling my already enfeebled mind).

"Yeah, musical melody."

It becomes all too clear why some wield the pen while others, the better for all, wield the guitar.

PRICK KICKING

Who's got the bigger prick?

NICK CAVE or DAVE RAVE?

In the beginning, there was the Birthday Party: Five sick-looking individuals with obviously sick minds. Between 1982 and 1984, this Australian band made about seventy minutes worth of the most strategically unconventional 'punk' 'rock' ever heard, and became (arguably) reluctant messiahs for the massive cult of terminally miserable gothic-rockers.

This Party music was a cross between Captain Beefheart's punctuated gasps and a bad quality Sex Pistols bootleg, and it was quite brilliant. I recall playing their *Mutiny in Heaven* EP to impress my colleagues with the extent of my budding psychosis. This was the first band in the history of 'the devil's music' to capture the sound of actual waves of nausea as they swim through your brain and body, and they recorded and performed these sounds in a way that resembled rock 'n roll, but not quite.

When the Party was over, the rock world was left with another dope guru / angst-pickled visionary, singer Nick Cave. A notorious, professional gutter-rat, he obviously despises his dual roles of bloodless rock caricature and major cult casualty, but he placidly maintains the steady job of a highly skilled pop manipulator.

I had the pleasure of sharing a painful half hour with Cave in "a rather circular conversation."

"I'm frequently difficult to interview. You should've been told that..."

Here we go again. More rock bores.

Still, it's impossible to imagine a rock 'underground' without the redoubtable contributions of Nick Cave. His deep, contemptuous voice bullies its way through the dark, brooding music of his Bad Seeds (ex-Birthday Party people, and one Einstürzende Neubauten), menacing in its singularity.

His devotion to resurrecting the spirit of blues music has enabled him to

record Elvis Presley's 'In The Ghetto' and Dylan's 'Wanted Man' perfectly straight-faced. And his newest album, *Kicking Against The Pricks*, is entirely made up of Cave's "bastardization" of songs that span most of this century.

The album is incredible. In true Who/Roxy Music/Clash style, sometime the biggest assholes make the best music. *Pricks* is a major achievement, and the Bad Seeds are to be congratulated for staying sober long enough to cut one of the best albums of the decade.

Like Cave's other two post-Party albums, *Pricks* is only available as an import on Mute records, home of Depeche Mode.

It must be very pleasant having Depeche Mode around the office to inspire you to great pop success.

"I'm all for Depeche Mode, y'know. As long as they keep doing well, Mute can keep spending money on us."

English music is in a terrible state, thanks to people like Depeche Mode.

"I would have to agree with you. We're not English of course. English music never affected me one way or the other, even when I was in Australia and under the misconception that England is the centre of modern music, which of course, it isn't."

You've just released a limited edition single called 'Scum' about the flabby but well-intentioned NME critic Mat Snow. I take it these are the *Pricks* you're kicking around.

"It seemed like an appropriate name. We did see the making of this record as, as, um, basically, um, ay, a, well a kind of a 'fuck you' to the American... no... the English critics who had been, um, er, who had been fairly hard on the last record and had predictably spearheaded some sort of backlash against us. Which only meant we got our names in the paper more often."

"Being in the Birthday party gave us a very

healthy sort of negative attitude. That's always been the basic inspiration."

But an album of covers would seem to be an optimistic gesture, at least a gesture of faith in music itself....

"I don't know if it's more optimistic."

Less nihilistic?

"I don't know about that either. There's a lot more freedom for me as leader of the group to express myself without having it watered down by the lyrical ideas, and so forth, of other members of the group, as it used to be."

Well, you're breathing new life into these ancient songs, which indicates that at least you LIKE music.

"That record was done for fairly simple reasons. I'd been writing a novel, and it's impossible to write lyrics and write a novel at the same time, so that afforded us the opportunity to make a record of covers."

Great, obscure, darkly hilarious covers of The Velvet Underground, John Lee Hooker, The Alabama Singers, Johnny Cash, The Band, all delivered with deadpan grace by "this year's Iggy Pop," Mr. Nick Cave.

Does he like the album?

"A lot. Our version of 'Muddy Water' is so different from the original, which is reasonably throw-away up-tempo

Country & Western. We've turned it into something a lot more substantial, with a lot more meaning. And personally, I really like our version of 'Hey Joe.' The song has been abused for a long time, and nobody's ever been able to pull it out of the hands of Jimi Hendrix. I don't think he ever did it justice. It's a potentially great song—the lyrics are brilliant."

I was curious to hear Cave's thoughts on the current 'real blues' revisionism creeping into the music underground, and some insight into this most curious music he interprets so remarkably.

"I don't know. I don't care. We have been branded with the blues on *Pricks*, but we can wash it off with another record of different sounding material—which this next record is: *Your Funeral, My Trial*."

It sounds entertaining. Does your audience have the attention span to appreciate your whims?

"I sometimes doubt it, but I give them the benefit of the doubt. I try to disregard the audience as much as possible. I've lost too much sleep in the past to worry about that now."

To them, you're a classically Wasted Poet.

"Wasted poet?"

Um...the things people think of me are quite

ludicrous, really. I don't make any attempt to be a wasted poet."

Do you live your life like that?

"I don't know what you mean. I don't know how a wasted poet is supposed to live his life."

They tend to make decent art.

"I don't know. I don't know. I don't know which poets were wasted and which ones weren't. I don't know what you're talking about."

Nick, you're a fun guy.

You once pronounced that records were inadequate manifestations of your ideas.

"Did I? They're adequate enough to be a vehicle for certain thoughts and certain things, but they're not the ultimate mode of expression. I'm writing a book, and that gives me a lot more freedom. But that also has its limitations."

Like playing music to an audience?

"That depends on all sorts of boring things like the size of the P.A.

Whether or not I enjoy a concert depends on how powerful it sounds to me onstage. That's what I'm more concerned about, rather than how powerful it sounds to somebody else."

By this time, it's agreed we're dealing with a major ego here. Does Cave feel like a spectacle?

"Yes. I am one."

Does the news affect you much?

"Not really. I live in Berlin, and I don't understand German at all, so the world just goes on around me and I don't really know what happens in it. World events never had much effect on my 'art'—for want of a better word—which makes for a fairly one-sided view of things. I'm hopelessly one-eyed about things, I'm afraid."

Read The Book For Further Details, right?

"Yeah, um, I guess so."

Would a Nick Cave biography make for absorbing reading?

"Fascinating reading, yes. Totally engrossing."

And I'll bet your acting career is in the formative stages.

"I'd make a brilliant actor. If anyone's interested in me acting in their next film...where is this? Is this L.A.?"

Canada. Sorry!

"Ah, shit. I mean: Ah, hell. I thought I might have reached the ears of Hollywood through you."

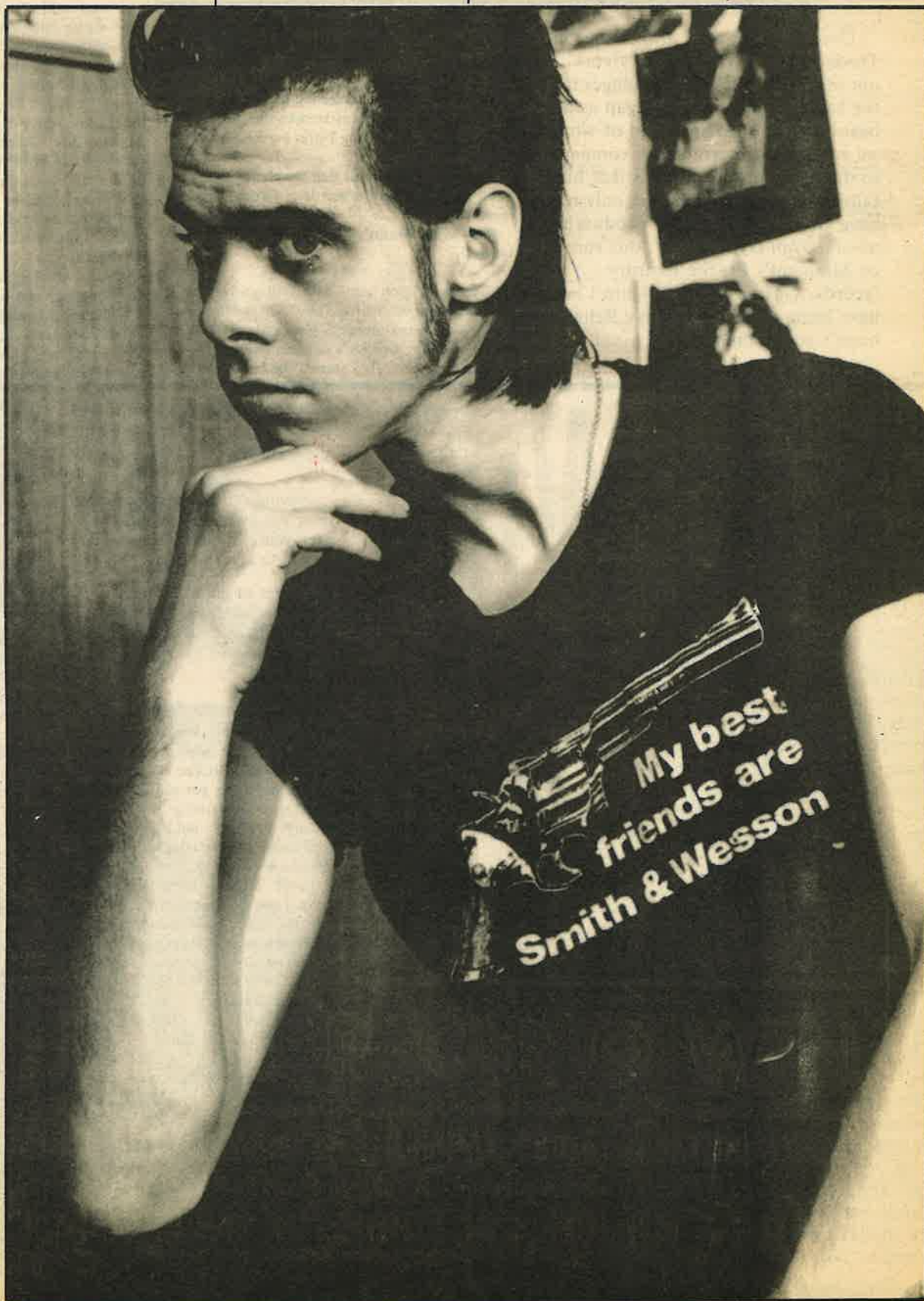
"Life is a process of stepping on people."

—Nick Cave, SPIN

"I said that?"

It's a quote attributed to you.

"Well, that's amusing."





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Thur 13 ** No Life
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Sat 15 ** Itsa Skitsa
Sun 16 ** Edna & Edna

Mon 17 ** Maniac Monday
Tues 18 ** Blooze Bandits
Wed 19 ** Cowboy Junkies
Thur 20 ** Maggot Fodder
Fri 21 ** Ukase, Altogether
Morris
Sat 22 ** Fundamentals
Granny's Gums
Sun 23 ** The Fundamentals

Mon 24 ** Maniac Mondays
Tues 25 ** Metal for Health
Benefit
Wed 26 ** Disorder
Thur 27 ** Lifeless Currents
Fri 28 ** Deja Voodoo
Sat 29 ** Planet People
Sun 30 ** Animal Slaves

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Regional

REPORTS

HAMMER HAPPENIN'S

On Oct. 24, the first of two benefit concerts were held at Hamilton's Rockpile East for the "Music From the Armpit of Canada" compilation LP. Local bands which appeared include Thrash & the Bags, Hamilton Rap Band (their big hit being 'Delta Dawn'!), the ever-present Moon Crickets (garage gods of Canada) and Dunnville's Problem Children, who have a new LP, *The Future of the World is Up To You and Me*, that should be out by the time you read this. Also appearing at this venue were London's Condo Christ.

The second of these two benefits will take place Nov. 7 and will feature the Dik Van Dykes who have a live cassette ready for release (*Live At the Ground Gravel*) and who will be opening for *Deja Voodoo* in T.O. on the 27th. Also appearing will be The Throbs, AKS (a re-surgent local hardcore group), Brantford's Social Suicide and the Diffrents. Proceeds from the sale of the LP will go to the St. Matthews House.

Oddly enough, I don't seem to think of anything about either the Trouble Boys (except they're one of my fave groups) or the Florida Razors (aside from guitarist Jason Avery's slurred, unprintable yaks of slander). I will mention that Teenage Head has a new drummer, Jack Peddler, and may be touring under another name (hint: check your *Flamin' Groovie* LP's) and the Forgotten Rebels have a new 45, 'Bomb Khadahaff Now' (sic), and are opening for Iggy Pop in Toronto on Nov. 9th.

The Hot Pussys (sic, again) have been pestering me to plant some of their obnoxious and offensive prepared "statements" to the press. In a nutshell—influences: Bopcats, Stray Cats, Alleycats, Kitten With A Whip, and Hot Tuna (you figure it out...). They are not afraid of the possible backlash from either the SPCA or militant feminists, and they do boss covers ('Louie Louie' 'Money' and 'Heroin'). I think that's enough from us...Until next time remember! In the Hammer We Trust"

B.F. 'Mole' Mowat

Windsor Report

Well, it's time to scrounge up every bit of info about things happening in Canada's Sunbelt. Passing our way of late: the punk rock of the Jazz Butcher and that Skinny Puppy/Severed Heads thang. Not to mention CJAM's Community Pledge Drive '86 which collected over \$17,000. Hopefully CJAM will have a power increase from 50 to 230 watts by January.

As for those groovy flat pieces of vinyl: *It Came From The Garage* features many Detroit bands such as Elvis Hitler, Hysteric Narcotics, 3-D, Invisibles, and Snake Out (whose drummer Dino left to become one of the new Monkees in the TV sitcom), and from Windsor, The Prehistoric Cavestokers. A few weeks back, the Dominion House Tavern was sufficiently filled for the record release party of Windsor's *Lost Patrol* (Ali Records). Also performing were The Oreos, who only played one song (for 35 minutes), and Do Or Diatribe. Showing up in the winner's circle of the 1986 Detroit Metro Times Awards were CJAM for best alternative radio station and Windsor's own ex-Butthole Surfer Trevor Malcolm for best instrumentalist.

london eksistenz

This month's album release is *First Date*, a compilation of London and area folk/blues artists. It features original material by Tom Burns, of Dirty Ernie fame; Paul Campbell, of Campbell's Coffee House, Hamilton; and Paul Langille, the vocalist who calls "for the Blue." Mark Wellman, producer and principal organizer, is to be credited with the concept which encompasses everything from ballad to reggae sounds. This album is a nostalgia-must for those of us who have watched the scene change and develop over the past few years.

This month's record review...Ukase's single 'The Rain'/'Runaway.' 'The Rain' provides Roze White's voice an expressive avenue in which to show her emotional range rather than merely emphasize vocal gymnastics. The lyrics are beautiful without being overly sentimental. The music is gentle and yet still allows the swell and fade of her vocal strength, which is her trade mark. The mix is good; her voice is an instrument—mingling with the guitar chorus like the wind. The verse is clear, even when layered over the shimmering drums—yes drums can shimmer. The B-side, 'Runaway,' is a more energetic 60's sound, showcasing the band's aggressive style.

Recorded at two different studios, SRS and 107, the single is available for promo only and will soon be heard on CBC's 'Brave New Waves.' Apparently, their Montreal tour sent sparks flying—just who were they discussing futures with? Come down to Key West on November 21st and maybe they will tell all...

The Walling is touring Northern Ontario for a month and when they return they go back into EMAC to remix 'The Key of Love' and 'Givin It Up' with producer Blaine Selkirk...

Lifeless Currents travel to home-town Guelph to play the Albion on November 9th. I have a particular fondness for their lyrics: "Armageddon comes so swift/don't you know we encourage it?" I can only describe it as religiously political or politically religious but neither has a Jesus crisis. With a sparse smattering of covers they focus primarily on originals like 'Walk On,' 'Forgotten' and 'The Believers.' Catch them at Key West on November 27th...

Music trivia question...which local native band was/is featured in a M Plus M video about native cultures?...stay tuned for the answer in next month's Nerve...sorry, no prizes...

If you feel like spending your loose change, buy the *Deprogram* album by Suffer Machine. There are good reasons why everyone is raving about it. Pete Tangredi's vocals remind me of Tom Waits via sledge hammer. The best cuts are 'Purge,' 'Jazz Blood Fusion,' and 'Suffer Machine.' The only weak spot is 'The Idealist.' Although it comes off well live; it's a bit maudlin on the album. But, hey, that's like saying Marilyn had a blemish.

Sonja K.

Stepping into our nuclear-powered DeLorean, we can see what the future holds: death, destruction, World War III, and the shelter from the storm, CJAM's 3rd Anniversary party, featuring a homecoming for Chris Houston... Elvis Hitler with *Lost Cause* will be releasing an album on Metro America called *Dis-Graceland*.

Well, that's the deal, folks. We'll be back (hopefully) next month with more news tidbits, gossip, stock exchange closes and the real answer to the question, "Is Bobby Ewing really alive or will this season be one of Larry 'Bad' Mellman's twisted nightmares?"

David Petro
CJAM-FM Windsor

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THE SQUARES.....The Squares
VARIOUS.....Random Thought
VARIOUS.....Matrax
OEDIPUS REX.....Oedipus Rex
BRYAN RURYK.....Life and Big Noises
LAUGHING APPLES.....Laughing Apples
DOA.....Expo Hurts Everyone
RUN & GAG.....Down



Canadian Countdown

1. The Gruesomes
2. Skinny Puppy
3. It Came From Canada II
4. L'Etranger
5. 54:40
6. Fifth Column
7. Cottage Industry
8. Cowboy Junkies
9. London Underground
10. Disappointed A Few People

CAMPUS REPORTS

CRSJ: Saint John
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Jim VanWart
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GUADALCANAL DIARY
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NICK CAVE
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COTTAGE INDUSTRY
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REM
54:40
PAUL SIMON

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Keith Tufts
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RUN DMC
It Came From Canada
BILLY BRAGG
DANIEL DAX
THE FALL

CKCU-FM: Ottawa
613-564-2898
Nadine Gelineau
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D.A.F.P.
GRUESOMES
REM
SPIRIT OF THE WEST
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CAMPER VAN
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CFUO: Ottawa
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Greg Wyllie
ELVIS COSTELLO
TALKING HEADS
WOODENTOPS
REM
MAMA BEA
TOM NOVEMBRE
ETIENE DAHO
ROCK & BELLES OREILLES
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EBTG

CFRC-FM: Kingston
613-547-6611
(Hugh Flewington)
It Came From Canada II
PETER GABRIEL
GRUESOMES
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PETER CASE
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PHIL ALVIN
NICK CAVE
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RANDOM THOUGHT
DUNDRELLS

CSCR-Scurborough
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JAZZ BUTCHER
BILLY BRAGG
COTTAGE INDUSTRY
CHANGE OF HEART
SMITHS
GRAPES OF WRATH
SKINNY PUPPY
WOLFGANG PRESS
TIMBUK 3

CRSC-Seneca
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Gav Oz
REM
GRUESOMES
54:40
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MOTORHEAD
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WYNTON MARSALIS

--Independents
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CYNDI LAUPER
LOVERBOY
GLASS TIGER
STACEY Q
ANITA BAKER

CKUL: Lethbridge
403-329-2335
Sheri Rhodes
WOLFGANG PRESS
GRUESOMES
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
JAZZ BUTCHER
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DEAD CAN DANCE
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ELVIS COSTELLO
SPIRIT OF THE WEST

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CAMPUS COUNTDOWN

THE WEB Alternative Radio Top 60 information is based on playlists from reporting canadian Campus radio stations. Statistics are compiled from point totals tabulated on playlist positions of artists, then multiplied by station classification factor

Nov. 3	2 wks ago	4 wks ago	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL	PEAK	WEEKS ON
1	1	1	REM	Lifes Rich Pageant	—IRS/MCA	1	8
2	2	57	GRUESOMES	Tyrants of Teen Trash	—Og	2	4
3	4	-	TALKING HEADS	True Stories	—WEA	3	2
4	5	12	BILLY BRAGG	Levi Stubbs Tears	—Polygram	4	4
5	9	-	SKINNY PUPPY	Mind: The Perpetual Intercourse	—Nettwerk	5	2
6	3	11	VARIOUS	It Came From Canada Vol II	—Og	3	6
7	7	3	L'ETRANGER	Sticks & Stones	—L'Etranger	3	8
8	6	2	54:40	54:40	—WEA	2	14
9	8	10	RUN DMC	Raising Hell	—Polygram	8	8
10	21	-	ELVIS COSTELLO	Blood & Chocolate	—CBS	10	2
11	19	5	FIFTH COLUMN	To Sir With Hate	—Hide	5	4
12	11	4	JAZZ BUTCHER	Bloody Nonsense	—Polygram	2	12
13	10	8	COTTAGE INDUSTRY	The Winters Tale	—Idon/Polution	8	4
14	49	-	COWBOY JUNKIES	Whites off Earth Now	—Latent	14	2
15	12	-	DAVID SYLVAIN	Gone To Heart	—Virgin	12	2
16	24	41	WOODENTOPS	Giant	—CBS	16	6
17	13	7	NICK CAVE	Kicking Against the Pricks	—Homestead	7	6
18	15	29	VARIOUS	London Underground	—CHRW	15	6
19	-	-	DISSAPOINTED A FEW PEOPLE	Dead In Love	—Psyche Industry	19	-
20	23	-	HUNTERS & COLLECTORS	Human Frailty	—MCA	20	2
21	17	26	SHEEP LOOK UP	Sheep Look Up	—SLUR	17	6
22	16	-	PAUL SIMON	Graceland	—WEA	-	-
23	-	-	IGGY POP	Blah Blah Blah	—A&M	23	-
24	14	6	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVAN	II and III	—Rough Trade	5	16
25	18	-	WOLFGANG PRESS	Standing Up Straight	—Polygram	18	2
26	30	24	LOST DURANGOS	Evil Town	—Armadillo	24	4
27	28	13	THROBS	Proud To Be Loud	—Precision	13	6
28	42	-	PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS	I'm An Adult Now	—P.O.H.	28	2
29	22	58	DUNDRELLS	Nothing On T.V.	—Nasty	22	4
30	27	14	PHIL ALVIN	Un'Sung' Stories	—Slash/WEA	14	6
31	26	28	RAUNCH HANDS	Learn to Whap-A-Dang	—Relativity	26	4
32	32	-	B-52s	Bouncing Off The Satallites	—WEA	32	2
33	25	-	MOEV	Dusk & Desire	—Nettwerk	25	2
34	35	9	SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS	Gun Shy	—WEA	1	16
35	41	16	CHAIN OF FUN	Chain Of Fun	—C.O.F.	35	4
36	36	48	EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL	Baby The Stars Shine Bright	—WEA	36	6
37	-	-	SUFFER MACHINE	Deprogram	—Burning Buffalo	37	-
38	57	-	HAUF HUMAN	Human '86	—Graven Image	38	2
39	-	-	IT BITES	The Big Lad in The Windmill	—Virgin	39	-
40	40	-	BEAT HAPPENING	Beat Happening	—K-US	40	2
41	-	-	EASTERHOUSE	Contenders	—CBS	41	-
42	-	-	JELLYFISH BABIES	Jellyfish Babies	—Plot	42	-
43	20	-	SPIRIT OF THE WEST	Tripping Up the Stairs	—Stoney Plain	20	2
44	38	22	PUSHTWANGERS	Here We Go Again	—Relativity	22	6
45	37	37	SHOCK CULTURE	Shock Culture	—Gryphon	-	2
46	-	-	DAGMAR KRAUSE	Supply & Demand	—Hannibal	46	-
47	45	-	THINKMAN	The Formula	—Island	45	-
48	-	-	SHOP ASSISTANTS	Safety Net	—SAR	48	-
49	-	-	TIMBUK 3	Greetings From Timbuk 3	—MCA	49	-
50	-	-	NATIONAL VELVET	National Velvet	—N.V.R.	50	-
51	50	46	THIS MORTAL COIL	The Other Side Of You	—4AD	46	4
52	29	19	PSYCHE	Contorting the Image	—New Rose	19	4
53	-	-	SHREIKBACK	Big Night Music	—Island	53	-
54	31	47	EUTHANASIA	Living Heck	—Rubber	17	10
55	-	-	FLUX	Uncarved Block	—One Little Indian	55	-
56	59	-	TUXEDO MOON	Ship Of Fools	—Crammed	56	-
57	43	-	23 SKIDOO	The Assassins With Soul	—Illuminated	43	-
58	-	-	YELLO	Goldrush	—Polygram	58	-
59	-	-	THE THE	Heartland	—Some Bizarre	59	-
60	54	51	FRA LIPPO LIPI	Sones	—Virgin	51	4

DANCE

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B-52s

OMD

MARTIN STEPHENSON

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Kevin Komoda

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SHEEP LOOK UP

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PARTS FOUND IN SEA

VITAL SINES

IT CAME FROM CANADA II

COWBOY JUNKIES

SHEEP LOOK UP

THE HUSH

D.A.F.P.

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Contact: Michael Sarazen 535-8969



**REM
Concert Hall**

After seizing that modicum of rational perception with which one should be equipped when attempting to document what is pretty well an annual rock event, *it happened*—the rains fell.

"Sorreee," Michael Stipe croons, his voice straining over faded arches and chandeliers of Massey Hall, flushing the culturally pre-washed with his emotional outburst.

Surmounting sound problems which persist throughout the show, REM glean the bounty of their poetic harvest, even playing about half of *Reckoning*. For a full house full of friendly faces eager to inhale any offering (musical or verbal) which the band exhales, it is a night of kept promises.

Onstage with his bandmates, Stipe himself is a fascinating study. He recalls the quirky spontaneity of The Lawn's Gord Cummings and David Byrne's defiance of the conventions of stage performance: when Stipe is shadow-boxing, the shadow slugs him back, reeling. Boyish insolence (he's been thrown out of Sunday school class, but just once, I bet) stares down outreached hands; looking up with fist tightly clenched, he wildly thumps his heart. Thrashing about and tugging at his clothes, he's just as enigmatic as Morrissey, but (maybe) a little more comfortable with his neuroses.

Stipe's fop hat and jacket recall the 19th century medicine man or the travelling show barker. And he's selling more than songs. For REM, Stipe is saying to the crowd, it's the "here and now." They're pitching the Moment. If you can't get to Walden Pond from here, that's okay, because REM's a lot more fun than Thoreau

and, I'm prepared to say you get the same thing.

Those moments of transcendence, including the refrain of 'Fall On Me' and 'I Believe', move an emotional block of thousands toward a spiritual communion challenged in only two other historical instances: the first public screening of Eisenstein's *Potemkin* and Spain's repossession of Picasso's *Guernica*. Further propagating the rock god as cultural icon myth in an attempt to transform musicians into artists (infallible, aren't they)? Some call it secular reverence—misplaced.

All right, let's not be too hasty (rational perception, remember)—there's always 'Superman.' Hearing it live affirms both the immense likeability and the absurdity of the song. However, Mike Mills' Opie charm kicks it in the bucket. The tune even rivals the fun quotient of 'I'm a Believer,' which the openers, The Feelies performed raucously (as Neil Diamond had always meant it to be performed).

"America has a policy," Stipe says. "It's called genocide." As both shameful and proud inheritors of the American legacy, they well realize that it's not just rocks, streams, trees, and sky. It also means poverty, racism, illiteracy, and imperialism. Almost whispering the first phrases of 'The Flowers of Guatemala,' the register shifts. Michael Stipe's emotional clarity surges with the rolling crescendo of Peter Buck's guitar, Mike Mills' bass, and Bill Berry's drums—perfectly articulate, each articulated but fully integrated toward that magical communion, as REM draws a vital thread through rock's rich tapestry.

Helen Lee



REM — Steve Ralph



Doc & the Medics —Hugh Beaton

**Dr. & The Medics
RPM**

"Then I woke up, mom and dad were rolling on the couch/Rolling numbers, rock and rolling, got my Kiss records out."

Imagine: it's 1973, you're a junior high kid, strung out (like everyone else your age) on bad weed and rock'n'roll. One day, mom informs you of the upcoming P.T.A. Variety Night, and the skit she and your father have in have in the works—five or six teachers and parents will

dress up as a rock and roll band to entertain the student body. Ironically, after years of telling you to 'turn that damn noise down,' mom's now asking for your educated advice: what songs should we play? what should we wear? how will your father look in spandex tights?

An easy challenge, right? Lock the folks in your bedroom with your fave records (Alice, Bowie, Gary Glitter, Sabbath—anything loud, cheap and flashy), back issues of *Circus* magazine, and force them to stay up past their bedtime to watch Don Kirshner's Rock Concert.

Lester Bangs once noted that Iggy never set out to be a punk, he only wanted to be a man—his failure made him the supreme punk.

The Doctor (Clive Jackson) doesn't want to be a man, he wants to be Alice Cooper. What he ends up being is stupid—and very much a part of rock'n'roll.

This was the most (un)genuinely funny show I've witnessed since seeing a group of 10-year-old kids performing 'Jump' in a recreation park a couple summers ago. Funny, that is, for about ten seconds of each song—just enough time to

pinpoint where the guitar riffs were lifted from (was that, 'Bang-A-Gong' or 'Suffragette City?') enough time to get a glance at the guitarists' seven-inch silver platform shoes, enough time to catch the smirks on the vampire backing singers' faces.

Then, the fantasy would end; relief becomes ritual, mom and dad start to wonder what the hell they're doing up there and you pray for the night to end, anxious to get home to make sure mom hasn't ruined your only copy of Gary Glitter's *Greatest Hits*.

Scott Woods



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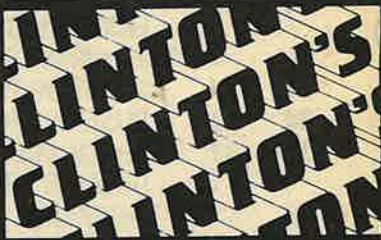
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Camper Van Beethoven R P M

Can the music match the exotic name? Yup. And then some. For about thirty seconds this looks like a cowpunk band of airwave pirates, but its their lob-sided version of hillbilly music which gets your undivided attention.

This band pretty well defines 'hip' right now in North America and, in all due respect, they had to be excellent in order to sustain any kind of belief in the underground hype system. The way I see it, Camper Van Beethoven are a very good Bar Band with intelligence and versatility, from their home brew of 'Border Ska,' to a version of Black Flag's 'I'm Wasted' that left no room for dispute, to a convincing, touching display of Pink Floyd cosmic overload, confirming their allegiance to current pseudo-narcotic chic. No band without a working knowledge of the outer perimeters of taste in rock music would dare to resurrect Carl Douglas' 'Kung Fu Fighting,' but Camper Van know you can't go wrong with a bad attitude, slide guitar, violin, and songs about Lassie, terrorists, and bowling. They cover so many bases, bouncing back and forth like elastic men between different eras in music history, that it gets quite scattered and unfocused, but its some sort of an achievement in the sheer misdirection of energy.

The audience is impressed—they like the sound of the changing shapes before them. Who knows, maybe pot-heads can save the world after all.

Jack Slack

Andrew Cyrille with Bill Grove, Rich Bannard, John Lennard and Ambrose Pottie. Music Gallery

This was basically an evening of fun and games with percussion instruments. Bannard, Lennard and Pottie are three very talented local drummers (although Pottie played xylophone and marimba exclusively on this occasion). Andrew Cyrille is a heavy-weight jazz drummer from New York, who's best known for a ten-year stint with Cecil Taylor. He's also played with Illinois Jacquet, Carla Bley, David Murray and his own band, Maono. Bill Grove is leader and sax man of Whitenoise and, as he demonstrated tonight, a pretty good pianist.

Lennard played like a maniac on a dinky kit that looked like the one his parents might have given him for his twelfth birthday. Bannard was composed and thoughtful. Cyrille was somewhere in between and—he's a veteran, after all—more of a virtuoso than the other two drummers.

When the three of them unwound together in a tribal throb, they sounded ferocious. Grove's piano work tended either toward Paul Bley's atonal lyricism or Cecil Taylor's percussive abandon, and Pottie's mallet work added a complementary, bubbly texture to the dark, ensemble sound.

Humorous highlight and grande finale: while the others clapped out the rhythm, Pottie played Dizzy Gillespie's 'A Night in Tunisia' on his (facial) cheeks; of course, Grove got to scat-sing Charlie Parker's 'Famous Alto Break' while he boogied across the stage. Wotta ham.

TIM POWIS

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DRASTIC PLASTIC



Shreikback Big Night Music Island

What's going down in the machinery? Has Bryan Ferry seized control of the machinery? This album *sounds* so good it almost defeats the purpose of Shreikback. They have existed to illuminate the lighter side of human psychology with wildly refracting music and a cartoonish theatricality that's fun for the whole family.

Although the rude burst of brass that jolts the album awake suggests that this *might* be the same hungry band that made last year's brilliant *Oil & Gold*, and annoyed thousands of Simple Minds fans, this album is actually a supreme bummer.

For a band that's earned a loyal following of young intellectuals in this particular section of the machinery, with their beatific, solid, sinister funk, they're sounding very placid and disinterested. Thus, *Big Night Music* isn't a hard album to *like* but it's impossible to get close to. Especially when lead egghead Barry Andrews loses his tenuous grasp on communicable thoughts: how, for example, does one go about "gunning for the buddah?" What exactly is an "underwaterboy" (and what do Island Records' other 'cool band' know about them)? How do you wash "sticky jazz" off your pants? More importantly, will this album reach its crucial third rotation on my machinery?

Probably, because everybody loves a professional smartass. Even when they make music as worthless and empty as 'Exquisite' or 'The Shining Path' or 'The Reptiles and I'. Pale Englishmen who croon French should be shot on sight. Joke or no joke.

Shreikback are capable of mechanically profound music. This is perfunctory. This is *average*, and that doesn't fit into the machinery. OK, the economics of Andrews' reasoning is admirable: why waste valuable



A Shreikback: Island Records

riffs and precious words in these desparate times? But music this sparse just defies purpose.

I hate to leave Shreikback at the mercy of the machinery, because they've been responsible for some gut-wrenching music in the past, and they're one of few 'underground' groups to 'break' the machinery. But Andrews' stated interest in disorder and incongruity has not informed the mechanics of *Big Night Music*. And that's a drag.

Dave Rave

New Model Army The Ghost of Cain Capitol Import Billy Bragg Talking With the Taxman About Poetry Polydor/Go! Discs

When last we saw them, Britain's most dramatically political band, New Model Army, had secured North American release for their second album, *No Rest For The Wicked*, but found themselves barred from appearing here personally, having been deemed "artistically suspect" by both Canadian and American authorities. An auditing of their album led me to believe that the authorities could be up to no good; New Model Army are among the most competent instrumentalists playing in the shadow of what was once called "punk." Political, yes, but they carry their politics the same way they probably carry their instruments; low on their hips, with menace, like an imaginary weapon. New Model Army's politics are too generally anti-establishment to be a specific threat, while asserted too firmly to be just a pose.

The Ghost of Cain shows them to be still fighting the good fight, although the strain is showing. Virtually trapped in the country that seems intent on ignoring them, barely taken seriously, let alone acknowledged, their sound has slowed from the jagged attack of *No Rest*. The sound is padded, even a bit bleary, and wails of melancholy harmonica sigh from time to time. Their rage is less focused, and their threat even more vague. Stay tuned.

Billy Bragg, on the other hand, is a committed socialist whose outspoken views still haven't prevented him from obtaining a visa, but then Billy is much more the romantic, and far less threatening in his Perry shirts than the spiky, leather-clad Army. In self-conscious anticipation of his audience and critics, Bragg has inscribed the cover of his latest release with the legend: "The Difficult Third Album." Does this mean Swans-like noise elegies? A full-fledged back-up band of New York jazzbo session men? On the contrary; Billy gives in to pop music, which was always what made his tautly strummed little rants so appealing in the first place. There's no back-up band yet, but folks such as Kirsty MacColl, Johnny Marr and (Who drummer) Kenny Jones join Billy in the studio to fill out a few of the spaces that he's ignored up until now. Ironically, these embellishments are treated as intently as Billy has treated his journeyman guitar-playing up until now.

Apart from that, nothing else has changed. There's an even mix of songs about the politics of romance, and romantic songs about politics. What comes through best is Bragg's earnest yob charm, the honesty of a slightly-smarter-than-average chap who finds the average much more comfortable. It's no one-dimensional image, the evidence seems to say, and again, as I said about New Model Army nearly a year ago, he means it, maaaaan

Rick McGinnis

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Elvis Costello *Blood and Chocolate* CBS

"Although some critics have defined *Blood and Chocolate* as an intentionally murky and disturbing album, I can only find beauty and precision in this relentless pop masterpiece."

Shit. So I go out of my way to sit at my typewriter between baseball games, trying to bash out some lunkhead's critical invective so that all of Toronto will drop what they're holding to rush out and buy this damned album. No luck, huh? A fellow scribe is pointing at me, laughing fiendishly, and throwing UB40 records at me. I could have reviewed this?

"Costello has recorded two of the best albums of the decade: *King of America* and *Blood and Chocolate*, both of which have been released in 1986. Is this man human?"

I ain't got no illusions of being a pop-scene man of letters but sometimes—usually when I'm riding in my car alone—I fancy myself to be a pretty decent hack. So how can I live up to my self-confessed criteria by writing a review of an album that I have nothing to say about? Hell, I can't. So there.

"While other iconoclastic New Wavers suffer from dry-rot and guest appearances on 'Solid Gold', Costello has flowered into a forever Hall of Famer, a musician so gifted that even his ugliest records glimmer with grace and compassion."

Sorry to let you all down. I just can't get this slab of black vinyl out of my head.

Dave Bidini

7 Seconds *New Wind* Positive Force/Better Youth

7 Seconds' vocalist Kevin and I have something in common: we both think the world of Ian MacKaye.

MacKaye was the heart, soul and mind behind Minor Threat, avatars of hardcore and arguably the one legitimately great band the genre has ever produced. Threat called it a day in 1983, MacKaye going on to operate Dischord Records and produce bands. 7 Seconds were one of his first projects, and—even though MacKaye only has a hand in four of 13 songs here—his stamp is all over *New Wind*.

'Mind' is the key, because MacKaye's calling card was the clarity of his thinking (Henry Rollins tries to measure up, but his thoughts are too muddled by bad poetry and old Black Sabbath riffs). MacKaye's 'message,' such as it was, didn't stop at "think for yourself," which would reduce a complex body of work to a cliché; it was more "here's what I think—you can do what you want." He never wrote around a subject, and there was a take-it-or-leave-it directness to everything Minor Threat did.

New Wind is very much a Minor Threat record for 1986, the best hardcore-related music I've heard in a while. The virtues documented above are retained, and new territory is sought out: in a bid to embrace rather than distance, 7 Seconds temper MacKaye's insularity with tentative steps towards a worldview. A secondary influence comes in to play here, one that clearly announces itself in the list of credits. "U2 for inspiration" may look strange within this context, but it's a sensible hybrid: take the emotion U2 invests in well-meaning but bombastic arena posturing, and graft in onto the forward thrust of hardcore. The result is provocative, melodic, and—where 7 Seconds leave U2 behind—not at all flabby.

The overriding concern of *New Wind* is defiance in the face of dissolution; in 7 Seconds' case the alleged death of 'straight-edge' punk, but it's an all-purpose theme adaptable to individual interests. 'Still Believe' is the most pointed accusation directed towards those deemed as having abandoned ship, and it contains the album's most startling moment: background vocalist MacKaye seizing the line "and now they're rockin' out," as authoritative and as scabrous as he was 5 years ago. On a more modest scale, "Man Enough to Care," advice for a gay friend to come out, must be a landmark in hardcore tolerance.

New Wind has all the earmarks of a major band asserting itself for the first time. Husker Du's breakthrough on *Metal Circus* comes to mind—that's how highly I regard this record.

Phillip Dellio

John Anderson *Countrified* WEA

John Anderson is a decent singer. And he writes pretty good songs too. If that sounds like faint praise, remember, this is *modern* country music we're talking about; a form of pop music whose biggest hit of the past year has Dan Seals, of Seals and Crofts, singing "I wanna boogie with you, baby, all night long."

Folks like Anderson are rare these days. Like those city-slickers, the Ramones, Anderson exploits his environment to his own advantage. If Joey Ramone can get away with singing "I met her at the 7-11/now I'm in seventh heaven," you can give this Tennessee boy the same benefit of the doubt in the title track: "Well, I love my grits, I love my greens/country motels and those sweet Southern belles/I like fried chicken like a country boy should/and everything that's finger-lickin' good."

The city allures Anderson—"I'm into caviar/and shiny cars"—but in the end, he goes back home. For critical purposes, this can be seen as a metaphor for

Anderson's career conflict (and that of a handful of other country musicians): the choice between the country—where the fun and the critical attention are; and the city—where the money is. Anderson's choice seems obvious. The 'proud to be countrified' theme is repeated on 'Honky Tonk Crowd' and the album closes with 'Peace In The Valley,' which has meant *something* traditional ever since Elvis sang it. (What that something is I'm not sure.)

Beneath the orthodox posturing are hints that Anderson wants the best of both worlds. *Countrified*'s best songs combine country attitude with accessible, almost-pop melodies, lyrics, and vocals. Unlike the self-consciously reverential Dwight Yoakam, Anderson sings it straight, with nary a 'yeehaw.' Fans of the Jimmie Rodgers' School of Yodelling might just call this boring—too citified?—but it sounds a hell of a lot more honest than Dan Seals and Dwight Yoakam. Anderson's approach suggests a middle ground that could open up the possibility of crossover appeal without damaging his integrity.

Scott Woods

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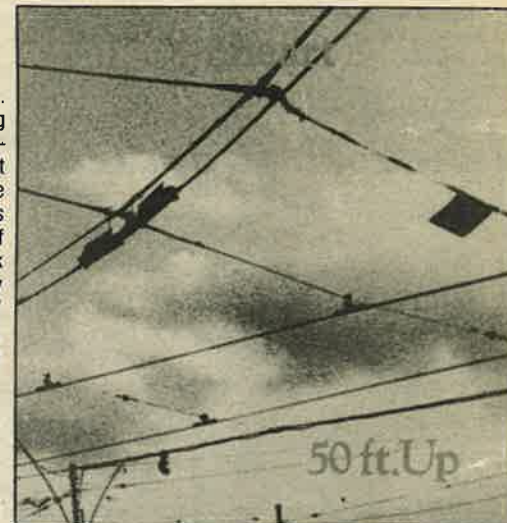
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ANDY CASH —STICKS AND STONES (FPE 3033)

References to Bruce Cockburn Jr. are completely out of the line here. I mean it's just a coincidence that much music played 'Rocket Launcher' back to back with the video for 'Trail of Tears' isn't it? Fringe Product is issuing 'Sticks and Stones' in late November in a new four-colour jacket and it'll be on cassette as well.

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ATLANTIC SOUL

Looking at today's music scene from the perspective of the Soul renaissance of the 60s, it's hard to believe that, with records like Run-DMC's 'Walk This Way,' the crossover of Black music into White-dominated mainstream culture is still an issue. It's a matter of fact that many of Rock and Roll's earliest hits were just scrubbed up covers of R&B hits. This is proven on the first three volumes of Atlantic Records' seven volume retrospective released to much acclaim last year. Elaborating on this point, Atlantic has undertaken to re-release, in original jackets, some of the albums that made that record company one of the two major forces in the world of 60s Soul. While Motown no doubt were the catalysts for the widespread invasion of radio by black artists in the early sixties, Atlantic took the torch back from them and proceeded to place the blackest music, that coming from Memphis' Stax-Volt records, on the turntables of white, teen-age America, without any of Motown's necessary, even inspired, but ultimately formulaic and diluting trappings. The vision of men like Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler is still being exercised today, and that's a good thing.

Rick McGinnis

Various Artists

Apollo Saturday Night

grand-daddy of them all. This album, due to its participants, due to its place in time, and due to its location, has reached something like mythic proportions for Soul record collectors. Standout performances include Otis Redding, in the earliest phase of his well-deserved rise to the very top of Soul's pantheon; the Coasters—by 1964 a bit dated—exhibiting R&B's roots in minstrel shows; and Ben E. King, then at the nadir of his popularity. Also worth hearing is emcee King Coleman, snapping back at a female heckler in the audience, "Woman, you got enough mouth for two more rows of teeth."

RM

William Bell

The Soul Of A Bell

From the liner notes of this album we see Atlantic marketing Bell as Soul's Perry Como. A "warm, sincere, pipe-smoking man" who enjoys "golf, swimming, bowling, and hunting," Bell was, like Eddie Floyd, a secondary figure in Atlantic's stable. While not as idiosyncratic a talent as Otis, on the album's grittier tunes, he can sound surprisingly like Sam & Dave's Dave Prater. Years after this album, Bell would make more chameleon changes: in duets with Judy Clay, sounding more like Otis; and alone, taking on Al Green's urgency.

RM

The Stax/Volt Revue Live In London (Vol. 1)

I kid you not when I say that Booker T. and The MG's version of 'Green Onions' here is the forerunner to Deep Purple, circa *Machine Head*, *Made In Japan*. Just listen to that

keyboard intro—it's John Lord all the way.

I kid you not also when I say that soul performers are the only performers—to my hearing—that excell on live recordings. Whether that's because soul is intrinsically about communicating, or just because the sound of a crowd responding in unison excites me, I'm not sure.

If, as a whole, this disc is a little hodgepodge (seems just as the performers are warming up, they're making way for the next act) it's held up in the end by Sam and Dave, whose three performances stand alongside entire live sets of Otis and Sam Cooke. There are few moments of crowd interaction anywhere as thrilling, sad, and funny as those in 'Hold On, I'm Coming,' when Sam and Dave tease the audience about leaving. This is one crowd that could have spent the rest of their lives in that sweaty auditorium.

Scott Woods

Otis Redding and Carla Thomas King and Queen

Otis's music has always struck me as urgent, despairing, quite serious. With Carla Thomas by his side, he's a different man: easygoing and fun but with no loss of intensity. Carla's power isn't so much in her voice—there are more thrilling singers in soul, for sure—but rather, in her effect over the man. This is truly the first music of Otis's (apart from some live moments) that's compelled me to dance in my bedroom.

On occasion, the 'fun' stuff sounds trite (minor embellishments like banjo and tuba), but the warm moments are worth waiting for: the joyous Motown-take, 'Let Me Be Good To You' ('Where Did Our Love Go' done Southern-style), the sappy-yet-sincere 'Ooh Carla, Ooh Otis,' and especially 'Tramp,' which has a racial statement/joke I'm still trying to figure out.

Because this was such a different Otis, *King and Queen* now seems like a relative obscurity. Obviously, Atlantic Records didn't think much of it back then; the liner notes, written by the then-senator from Tennessee, are the worst of this entire re-issue series—although Howard Baker is now a major presence in the Republican party

SW

Aretha Franklin Lady Soul

During her prime—roughly '67 to '72—Aretha Franklin mastered soul's greatest trick: communicating subtle messages through the most direct and honest delivery. Aretha could have covered 'How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?' and made it mean something.

This re-issue is a blessing, and not merely because listening to it is a religious experience on its own. After *Aretha's Gold* (still in print, and still magnificent from start to finish) this is as good a place as any to delve into the greatest singer of our time. Backed by a band who can only try to catch-up—and as a result are astonishing—Aretha jumps from mellow to feverish without ever losing control of the material.

SW

Suffer Machine Deprogram Burning Buffalo Sheep Look Up SLUR

These are debut records from (one assumes) two of the leading lights of the burgeoning London (Ontario) underground. They're young! They're alienated! They're mean and moody! Who isn't. But wait, there's more!

Suffer Machine sound rather like what the Rent Boys would have if they hadn't been such self-indulgent twerps. This is political funk by, and for, the inherently unfunky. The tunes are generally dominated by a thick, sludgy rhythmic bottom, overlaid with tinkly keyboards and a clever sort of honking, dissonant saxophone. The top layer of this particular mud-pie is growling, howling, snortin', hootin' and holerin' vocals. Sort of like James Brown if he'd come from, uh, well, London, Ontario.

Suffer Machine's great strength is the scary, riveting edginess this music provokes when they play at a frenetic speed. But this is a record best played one side at a time; what after one song has the toe tapping, will after five have the nerves jangling. Perhaps they are

well advised to maintain this headlong pace, however—the one song where they relax a little sounds eerily like Springsteen.

The lyrics are the usual sort of indie-band sloganeering, as the name of the record would indicate. But the music is so propulsive that it hardly matters. Suffer Machine is probably terrifying live.

Sheep Look Up seem to be the standard kind of new age rock and roll band—a solid beat, occasionally anthemic guitars, excursions into ethno-musicology, solemn exhortations to "Be aware that these are changing times." Actually, due to a less didactic and more personal approach, their lyrical pretensions are much easier to take than most (Suffer M., for one).

This four-song EP divides neatly into two. 'Big Heart' and 'Rapture' are rather charming evocations of better times to come if people "cry out in one strong voice;" it should gladden hearts near and far to be reminded that change is still thought to be possible. 'Spaghetti Western' and 'Falasha' are effective mood pieces, particularly the latter, a nifty piece of agit-pop.

Buy either or both of these records. You'd make some small town folks very happy and maybe yourself too.

Philip Bull

Various artists

The New Originals

Materials & Processes

Novelists and filmmakers have it easy: sure it can be a monumental undertaking to see a piece of work through to its completion, but at a certain level of achievement, it forever belongs to you. No one can 'cover' *The Great Gatsby* or *To The Lighthouse*; while *Late Autumn* and *Nashville* will always be the property of their respective directors.

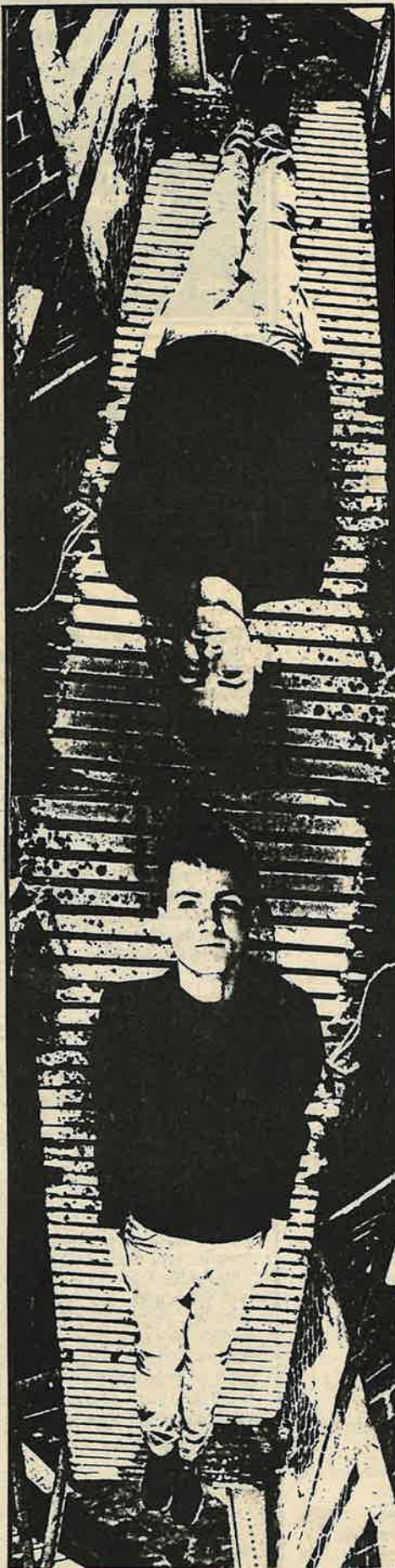
Write a three-minute pop song, however, and no matter how masterful it may be, no matter how strongly it begs to be left untouched, you're at the mercy of public domain. Chuck Berry's 'Back In The USA' and Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks of My Tears' are two of the more perfect singles I can think of, but when Linda Rondstadt needed a couple of sure-fire hits, Chuck and Smokey were there for the taking. It's not fair.

But it can be the doorway to inspirational irreverence, and that (or so I've read) is what rock'n'roll is all about! Chris Buck, a man with few heroes, fewer friends, and still fewer morals, also knows this, so he's taken it upon himself to compile *The New Originals*: 13 covers by 13 bands, ranging from the sincere to the indefensible.

Have you ever felt that lurking around the edges of the most innocuous late-60's pop lay genuinely psychotic impulses? That Bobby Sherman, Gary Puckett, and the Cowsills were really subterfuge conjured up by the White House to distract from their actions in Viet Nam? Or that Charles Manson's favourite record next to the *White Album* may have been 'Sugar Sugar'? No? Neither have I. But that's the best explanation I can offer for *Violence and The Sacred*'s attack on 'Windy,' the highlight of *The New Originals*. It's amazing; they keep the melody and basic structure, but periodically break it up Butthole Surfer-style with found noise, speeches, and stock market reports. First time I heard it, I was lying in bed deathly hungover. Every time the song seemed ready to end, that annoyingly familiar riff resurfaced to prolong the agony. I honestly thought I was going to die. I mean that as a compliment, of course.

Every version here is commendably unique, even when the choice of material isn't (Wall of Voodoo claimed 'Ring of Fire' long ago). The two relatively straightforward tracks, the Lawn's 'Disguises' and the Vocano Suns' 'Polythene Pam,' are among the best—especially the Lawn, thanks to Gord Cumming's reminder of how emotional a singer Roger Daltrey was in 1968. Tub 'O Guts' rendition of Psychic TV's 'Godstar,' which shifts its gaze from Brian Jones to Jim Morrison, is both touching and hilarious: "Where were you when Jim took the pledge/to always live life on the edge?" The only miss is Don't Try This At Home's 'Louie Louie,' a one-joke idea (cover 'Louie Louie' without really covering it) that doesn't belong.

Along with all this wonderful iconoclasm, purchase of *The New Originals* nets you an elaborate booklet and a balloon. Let me be the first to declare publicly something we've all suspected for a long time: Chris Buck is nothing short of a Shaman God. (Actually, I'm still not clear on what a Shaman God is, but anything to make the guy happy. **Phillip Dellio**



Sir Christopher Buck — Nancy Lanther

Corey Hart Fields of Fire Capitol

'His' last album sold a million copies in Canada, and *Fields of Fire*, his third, is already triple platinum after seven weeks on the charts. When faced with statistics such as these, even we must sit up and take notice.

I could start this review by making some cynical assumptions about the taste of the Canadian record-buying public; but that would be too easy. Regardless of my assumptions and with nearly 2,000,000 records in Canadian homes, Corey Hart, love him or hate him, must be doing something right.

Fields of Fire is pretty bland fare with the usual gluttony in the production that earmarks product for Top 40 airplay. And Corey Hart is Top 40 or he is nothing. His attempts at 'rocking-out' sound like the rest of his music but with a forced freneticism that bleeds out any potential for 'soul.' Which is why he'll never be a rock star.

Look at him. The saccharine portrait stares moistly out of an Ektachrome sweet shop begging to be pinned to the pink sugar walls of little girls. The man looks good. But listen to him, listen to the sameness with which his marvelous voice rounds off the lyrics. Hart never chomps the bit, never challenges himself for fear of scratching the patina of his voice box.

Hart mines American mythologies, populating his songs with the same archetypes that made Springsteen a household name: the loner, the embattled lover, the rebel who can never go home. Yet Hart is never as convincing. I hate to compare Corey to the Boss but "Baby, we were born to run" is powerful myth-making—whether or not you work on E-Street.

On a cogitative level (if you can go that far), Hart lacks the evocative powers which paint landscapes; rather he daubs sepia on images that are as obvious as snapshots. The musical environment he dwells in is germ-free; the melodies are as derivative as a fruit fly's gene structure. He just doesn't have the same honest dirt under his nails. I'll bet he cleans his nose with a guitar pick.

So what is he doing right?

Pop encompasses a vast spectrum, but what Corey Hart makes is popular music; it isn't pop. In the great Canadian tradition, Hart is at his best when he sings ballads; he tells nice stories in song while complimenting the imagery with his music. Rock and Roll is about fucking, Pop is about thinking about getting fucked, and Corey Hart is about 10,000,000 times richer than I am, but he is a balladeer.

So what's wrong with that?

Nothing. None of these observations should concern anyone who agrees with the conclusion. But if you want to believe that Corey is indeed a rock and roller then you better hope his present success spoils him. Success must jade and finally disgust him. Only then will he enter a renaissance and extract *The Canadian Identity* from beneath a slab of concrete at Yonge and Bloor.

DENIS SEGUIN

Love And Rockets Express

Beggars Banquet/Polygram

In typically bizarre fashion, the original Bauhaus sound has progressively evolved into an amalgam of the best trends in today's music. Alternately lush and sparse, *Express* is

driven by industrial strength guitars, psychedelic production, tight harmonies, and soars forth as a satisfying and cohesive vision.

Flowing from the wellspring of last year's tremendous *Seventh Dream of Teenage Heaven*, the trio has gradually penned more accessible song structures while retaining their traditionally sharp edge. The

single 'Yin And Yang The Flowerpot Man' is indicative of the album, flying head-long into sudden, subtle breaks. Guitarist/vocalist Daniel Ash has ground his axe into a most lethal sonic weapon, caressing and slashing with equal ease. 'Kundalini Express' could be Blue Cheer, yet its heaviness is offset by humorous fills—banjo,

flocks of birds, monks urinating.

They're holding fast with eastern mysticism, but have grafted it onto urban sensibilities. Mantra for the 80s: "Alcohol is your yoga baby."

Above all, Ash, David J, and Kevin Haskins retain an aesthetic touch which gives their work more grace and substance than most of what's

out there. Little thematic leit-motifs pop up in unexpected places—"An American Dream" reshapes the central riff of *Dream*'s 'Saudade,' then trips off in another direction entirely. Alienation remains the focus, yet in less nasty forms than Bauhaus, positive introspection prevailing.

Love And Rockets definite-

ly have their own sound now, with roots in many genres—soul, metal, funk, psychedelia. What emerges most intact is a distinct outlook, spiritual and not materialist, artistic and not crass. Intelligent music with energy—but what did you expect?

Kyle Swanson

Bonus! These Atlantic releases are available at most record stores for a special, low price.

Iron Maiden
Somewhere in Time —Capitol
Metallica
Master of Puppets —Elektra
Motorhead
Orgasmatron —Viper
Saxon
Rock the Nations —Capitol
Billy Squier
Enough is Enough —Capitol

How better to begin a mass metal burial than by quoting the drama critic George Jean Nathan. Responding to theatre managers' frequent complaints about critics who leave in disgust well before the end of a play, he writes: "The critic who cannot accurately and finally judge the quality of a play after the curtain has been up twenty minutes is a rank incompetent."

Were he still alive, I'm sure George would agree that "the critic who cannot accurately and finally judge the quality of a heavy metal album after the needle has been in the groove 30 seconds is a rank dunderhead."

Actually, sometimes all you gotta do is look at the sleeve. If a passing glance at the chintzy Blade Runner-ish cover of Iron Maiden's Somewhere in Time doesn't make your mind scream "Caveat emptor," check out some song titles: 'Caught Somewhere In Time' 'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,' 'Stranger in a Strange Land' (songs named after novels are invariably a bad sign—only women read). If you're still not convinced this is nothing but an ersatz sci-fi salami slam, you get one more chance. Slip off the shrink wrap. Look at

Tim Powis finds the meaning of

AARRGH

the lyrics to 'Alexander the Great': "Then Egypt fell to the Macedon King as well/And he founded the city called Alexandria/By the Tigris River." Any bonehead will tell you that the Tigris River is in Mesopotamia (you know, the cradle of civilization) which is modern day Iran or Iraq or some damn place like that, but it sure as shit ain't in Egypt. So fuck Iron Maiden. And what's with those futuristic golf carts in Death Valley, huh?

This brings us to the Coca Cola/Capitol Conspiracy Theory, and Billy Squier. Iron Maiden and Billy are both on Capitol, right? Okay, on the inner sleeve, in the pic with those futuristic golf carts, one of the Iron Maidenheads is wearing a sun-visor cap emblazoned with the words "Coke is it." That alone is not a particularly big deal. BUT, on the back of Enough is Enough Bill, looking like the sensitive person's quasi-metal wimp that the album proves him to be, is playing his pale blue guitar seated on an amp in a bare, canvas-covered set. And the only other object in sight is a shiny red can of Coke sitting conspicuously on the floor. 'Fess up, Capitol, before I ferret out the subliminal Coke plug on the cover of the Saxon album.

At least Saxon is unpretentious, if thoroughly unoriginal. They favour the kind of mid-tempo pussy-grinding raunch that characterized metal 10 years ago, with lyrics like "Let's take a ride, little backseat lover/You taste so good, you're just like sugar." And if you wonder what Elton John's been up to since attending Fergie & Randy's nuptial shindig, the liner notes thank him "for being a true rocker and piano" on 'Party Til You Puke.'

Unlike Saxon, Metallica is no happy-go-lucky troupe of party gorillas. On Master of Puppets, they're plainly too cheersed off at the world to have any fun: "Fuck it all and fucking no regrets" sings the ever lucid James Hetfield in 'Damage, Inc.' In truth, Hetfield doesn't sing; he forces bile up into his throat until his vocal cords are burning with the acidity, and durn-near blows the whole smoldering, gunky wad through the mike and out your speakers, while the rest of the band batters away at death-defying speed; tightly wound riffs and chord chunks whip by and vanish so quickly the songs seem composed of random shrapnel bursts. It's exhausting, but never exhilarating. It's like sex with a headache and a vial of Locker Room up each nostril. It hurts.

Motorhead wins this month's metal blowout hands down. Their music swings powerfully where Metallica's twitches noisily. Lemmy Kilmister is at least as angry as James Hetfield, and the bile probably frazzled his larynx to a raw nub back when Metallica were shimmying to Uriah Heep. 'Orgasmatron' isn't about a machine that gives instant sexual gratification, it's about "the outstretched grasping hand" of the corrupt Catholic church. But Lemmy's more than a sourpuss. He gruffly confesses to being a basically fun-lovin' guy. ("See me runnin' all around the world/Tryin' to make some time/A million miles and a million girls/A million real good times.") Those pups in Metallica are just sore cuz Lemmy wore out all the hottest metal mamas on his way to the top of the scrap heap.

Tim 'Iron Man' Powis

Yngwie Malmsteen —Heather Blurton

RAVE & ENCORE

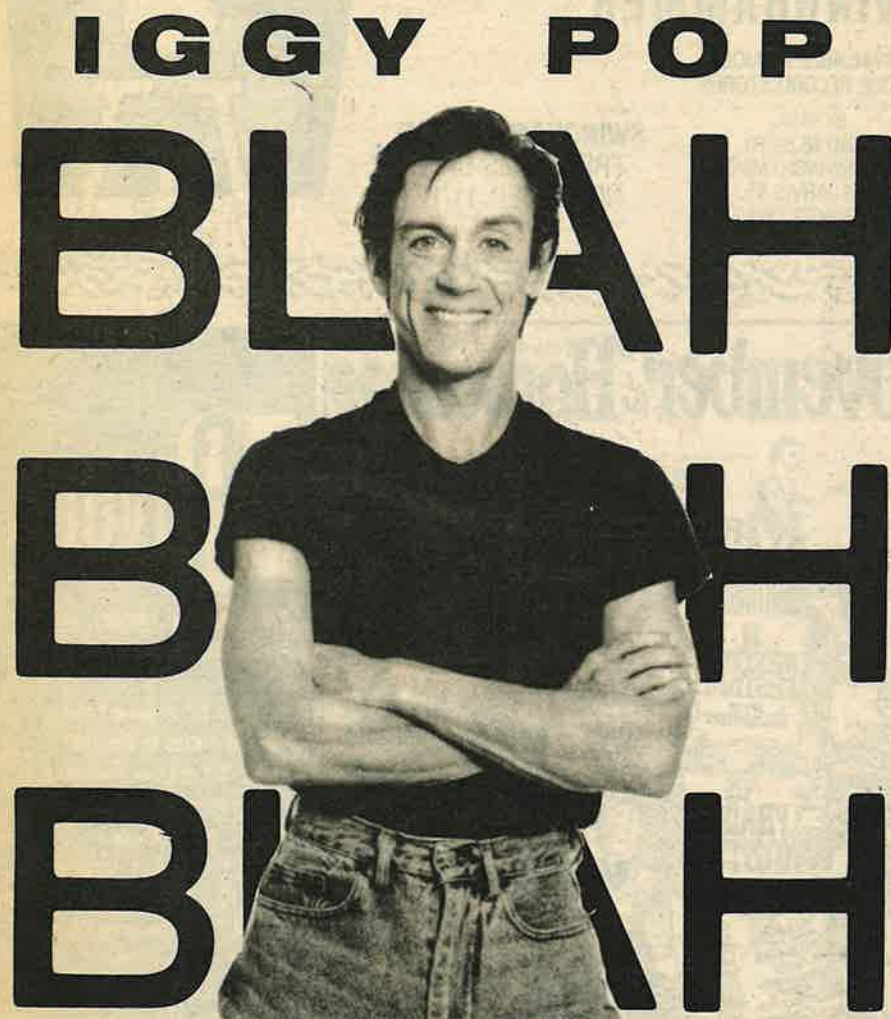
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WHAT'S SHAKIN

Monday 3
STILL LIFE: Isabella til Tues
RICHARD BERRY:
Albert's Hall til Sat
DELTA DEVILS, LARRY GOODHAND
DAVID OWEN: Lee's
NANCY SIMMONDS:
elMocambo til 17th
PAUL JAMES: Clintons til Wed
THE PHANTOMS: Horseshoe til Wed
JEFFERY HATCHER: Cameron
Fred's Bicycle Repair Shop: Rivoli
MIKE MACDONALD:
Grossman's til Sat
JEFF HEALY: Bamboo
Maniac Monday: Key West
GRIZZLY BLUES JAM W/ THE HOCK:
Pinetree every Monday

Tuesday 4
JOHN ROBERTS: Cabana Cafe
Kids In The Hall: Rivoli
BOCHE LEAGUE, D.V.P.
PARALLEL FIFTH: Lee's
THE BLOW, J.A. CONNECTION:
Ildiko's
THE PHANTOMS: Horseshoe
SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK
THE SPOONS: Diamond
GEORGE COLEMAN: Bamboo til Wed
GRUMPS: Cameron
GRANNY'S GUMS: Key West
BERNARD ALLISON &
BACKTALK: Pinetree til Sat

Wednesday 5
GEORGE COLEMAN: Bamboo
SCREAMING LIZARDS,
CRUCIAL BONES
SWEDISH FISH: Ildikos
SADDLE TRAMPS, ZEBRA PEOPLE
CHINA & GUNS: Lee's
PAUL JAMES: Clintons
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella til Sat
TROUSERS SNAKE,
FLYING RANDAZZO
THE REBELERS: Cabana
Audry Rose: Rivoli
UNCLE BONSAI, DINO LEE
WHITE TRASH REVIEW,
AMEOBA QUICHE,
BLAIR MARTIN: RPM
ERROLL STARR, SCOTT MERRITT
BILLY NEWTON-DAVIS: Copa
DAVID WILCOX: Nags North
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
BLACK DONNELLYS: Key West

Thursday 6
TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB: Spectrum
CRAZY EIGHTS: Bamboo til Sat
VIOLENCE & THE SACRED
VAROSHI FAME: Ildikos
LIVING IN FRANCE
3RD MAN IN: Cabana
ROSI FAN TUTI: Cameron
PRAIRIE OYSTER: Clintons til Sat
Martian Invasion: Rivoli
PARTS FOUND IN SEA
BORY GROVE: Lee's
EYE EYE, THE ARROWS: Copa
BLUE RODEO: Horseshoe til Sat
MERCURY FESTIVAL: ElMocambo
PAUL JAMES
MONDO COMBO: Diamond
CUB KODA: RnR Heaven
OCTOBER CRISIS: Key West

Friday 7
DEMI MONDE: Rivoli
THE LAWN: Cabana
DIREKTIVE 17: ElMocambo
NO MIND, CONDO CHRIST
SAM F, HAIN: Ildikos
MONDO COMBO: Lee's
PARTS FOUND IN SEA: Cameron
METALLICA: Maple Leaf Gardens
RICHARD BERRY: Albert's Hall
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella Cameo
JUSTICE: Isabella Lower til Sat
FLYING SQUAD: Key West
U.I.C.: Level 21

Saturday 8
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: Rivoli
IKONS, ITSA SKITSA: Ildikos
VITAL SINES: Lee's
Paul James Band: ElMocambo
CRAZY EIGHTS: Bamboo
THE LAWN: Cameron
L.M.O.T.V, THE KENSINGTONS:
Cabana
THE EXTRAS(mat.)
BLUE RODEO: Horseshoe
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella Cameo
JUSTICE: Isabella Lower
PRAIRIE OYSTER: Clintons
RICHARD BERRY: Albert's Hall
U.I.C., LEGEND KILLERS: Key West

Sunday 9
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
'Wiseblood': Rivoli
PHANTOMS: Grossman's
ERIC STACH FREE MUSIC UNIT:
Key West
IGGY POP: Concert Hall

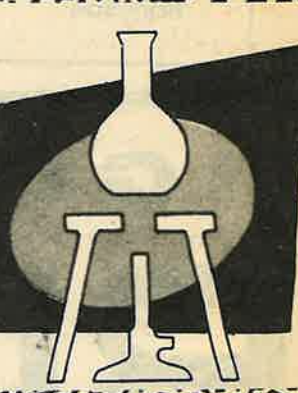
Monday 10
JEFF HEALEY: Clinton's til Sat
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron
METEORS: Grossman's til Wed
CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE:
Albert's Hall til Sat
EUGENE CHADBORN: Ildikos
Disarmament Pub Crawl:
Rivoli, Horseshoe
DANCING COUNTS
HUMAN INTEREST, BOOKMEN:
Lee's
SCOTT COSSU: Bamboo
Maniac Mondays: Key West

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Sat. 8 * Pursuit of Happiness
Mon. 10 * Disarmament Pub Crawl
Fri. 14 * Change of Heart
Sat. 15 * from Detroit:
Scott Campbell
With The Rave
Fri. 21 * Sheep Look Up
Sat. 22 * No Mind
with A Neon Rome
Sat. 29 * The Dundrells

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Tuesday 11
GOOD BROTHERS
PRAIRIE OYSTER,
JEFFREY HATCHER
JACK DEKEYZER, HANDSOME
NEDS
KRIS WHITELEY,
CAITLAN HANFORD: Diamond
SWINGHAMMER: Free Times Cafe
MERCURY FESTIVAL: Horseshoe
GEOFF BAKER &
THE HEADHUNTERS: Pinetree til Thur
Immaculate Perception: Rivoli
ROLF KEMP: Cameron
THE NATIONALS: Isabella
BLUE RODEO: Bamboo
ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES
IN THE DARK: Maple Leaf Gardens
PURPLE MOON VULTURES
BRASS SOLDIER,
NO REGRETS: Ildikos
IAN WHITE: Cabana Cafe
MONUMENTS GALORE,
THE REPUBLIC: Lee's
HOUSE OF XENON
EUGENE CHADBORNE: Key West

Wednesday 12
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
DIREKTIVE 17: Bamboo
FIGGY DUFF: Horseshoe
DARREN COPELAND
GERRARD LECKIE
TEA FOR TEN: Ildikos
FETCHIN BONES, THE PREACHERS
MONUMENTS GALORE
RHEOSTATICS: RPM
SAVOY BROWN: RnR Heaven
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella til Sat
ZOO STORY, PINK SHIPS: Cabana
Poetry Sweatshop: Rivoli
GO FOUR 3: Key West
SWINGHAMMER: Free Times Cafe

Thursday 13
VEKTOR: Cameron
JUDY BROWN: Grossman's til Sat
FISHBONE, WHITENOISE: Diamond
JOHN DICKIES—Toronto Blues
Society Fundraiser: Horseshoe
GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: Copa
MARTY ST. JAMES: Bamboo
PHANTOMS: Lee's
KITTEN WITH A WHIP: Ildikos
DELTA KICKERS:
Isabella Lower til Fri
SADDLE TRAMPS
RANG TANGO: Cabana
MONUMENTS GALORE
THE REPUBLIC: elMocambo
NO LIFE: Key West

Friday 14
ONE OF ONE: Cameron
20th CENTURY REBELS:
Bamboo til Sat
CHANGE OF HEART: Rivoli
JOHN DICKIES: Horseshoe
PERFECT WORLD: elMocambo
JEFF HEALY: Clinton's
HOPPING PENGUINS: Lee's til Sat
CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE: Alberts Hall
DELTA KICKERS: Isabella Lower
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella Cameo
ONE OF ONE
THOUGHT ROCKETS: Cabana
NEON ROME: Ildikos
ITSA SKITSA: Key West til Sat
WINDUP BAND: Pinetree til Sat

Saturday 15
FUNDAMENTALS: Cameron
20TH CENTURY REBELS: Bamboo
JEFF HEALY: Clintons
PRAIRIE OYSTER: Horseshoe
SCOTT CAMPBELL, THE RAVE: Rivoli
YOUNG DRUNKS: Isabella Lower
JACK DEKEYZER: Isabella Cameo
HOPPING PENGUINS: Lee's
CEEDEES, RENOVATORS: Cabana
CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE:
Albert's Hall
JIMMY SMYTH: elMocambo
MOTORHEAD, RAZOR: Concert Hall
NO LIFE, MAGGOT FODDER: Ildikos
IMAGES IN VOGUE: Nags North
ITSA SKITSA: Key West

Sunday 16
MANTECA, NANCY WHITE:
Concert Hall
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
SKINNY PUPPY
SEVERED HEADS: RPM
THE TEMPTATIONS:
Roy Thomson Hall
EDNA & EDNA: Key West
Monday 17
CECIL TAYLOR, BILL SMITH: Bamboo
THE RAVE
CRAWLING KINGSNAKES
PORNOGRAPHIC SHAKESPEARE:
Lee's
DANNY MARKS: Horseshoe til Tues
DURUTTI COLUMN: elMocambo
FRED'S BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP: Rivoli
THE BIG CHILL: elMocambo til Sat
STICKLEBACKS: Isabella
CAMEO BLUES BAND:
Albert's Hall til Sat
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron
MICHAEL PICKETT:
Grossman's til Wed
CROWBAR: Clintons til Sat
Maniac Monday: Key West

Tuesday 18
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS: RPM
SHERRY KEAN & THE KINGS: Copa
ARTHUR BLYTHE
SHUFFLE DEMONS: Bamboo
REDLIFE, ALL THE RAGE
BOP TOTEM: Lee's
I WANT
THOUGHT ROCKETS: Ildikos
Trinity Video: Rivoli
ABSOLUTE WHORES: Isabella
DANNY MARKS: Horseshoe
THE GUNNERS: Cabana Cafe
HUMAN INTEREST: Cameron
BLOOZE BANDITS: Key West

Wednesday 19
MERCURY FESTIVAL: Horseshoe
A night of Mystery: Rivoli
THE FATALES, THE BLOW
ONE FREE FALL: Lee's
ROCK N REAL
PHANTOM BUFFALOS: Bamboo
MORGAN DAVIS BAND:
Isabella til Sat
HANDSOME NED: Ildikos
NATIONAL VELVET: Diamond
RONALD SHANNON JACKSON
NOT KING FUDGE: Bamboo
GO FOUR 3, STURM GROUP
GROOVY RELIGION: RPM
KICK ASS: RnR Heaven
COWBOY JUNKIES: Key West

Thursday 20
CALLING RAIN
MANNIQUIN PARTY: Lee's
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET
PAUL CRAM: Bamboo
Trinity Video: Rivoli
OCTOBER CRISIS, 63 MONROE:
Ildikos
GOOD THING, THE MANIACS:
Cabana
WOMAN & CHILDREN: Cameron
MICHAEL PICKETT: Isabella Lower
APHANTOMS: Grossman's
BIG TWIST: Horseshoe
MAGGOT FODDER: Key West
MONDO COMBO: Pinetree til Sat

Friday 21
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS: Cameron
SHEEP LOOK UP: Rivoli
BRATTY: Lee's
DEFUNKT, GOTHAM CITY: Bamboo
NORTHERN STAR: Isabella (Lower)
BIG TWIST: Horseshoe
SHADOWY MEN: Cabana til Sat
STEVE WINWOOD: Gardens
GO FOR THREE: Level 21
UKASE, ALTOGETHER MORRIS:
Key West

Saturday 22
NO MIND, NEON ROME: Rivoli
HANDSOME NEDS: Ildikos
I WANT: Isabella Lower
MORGAN DAVIS: Isabella Cameo
SHADOWY MEN: Cabana
CHESTERFIELD KINGS, I WANT
GROOVY RELIGION: Lee's
JAMES BLOOD ULMER
WHITENOISE: Bamboo
CEEDEES: Cameron

SWINGHAMMER: Underdog
BIG TWIST: Horseshoe
Toronto Pops Orchestra: Massey Hall
PHANTOMS: Grossman's
CAMEO BLUES BAND: Albert's Hall
CROWBAR: Clinton's
FUNDAMENTALS
GRANNY'S GUMS: Key West

Sunday 23
ROLF KEMP: Grossman's
Blues Jam, Talent Showcase: Lee's
FUNDAMENTALS: Key West

Monday 24
DAVID GIBSON: Horseshoe
FRED'S BICYCLE REPAIR SHOP: Rivoli
PAUL JAMES: Clintons til Sat
THOUGHT ROCKETS, CERAFIM
THE RISK: Lee's
DANNY MARKS: Isabella
MARGIE EVANS: Albert's Hall
COCADA: Bamboo
BIG CHILL: Grossman's til Wed
CASUAL CASUAL: Cameron

Tuesday 25
The Blue Wall: Rivoli
FAST FORWARD, CIRCUIT BREAKER
Ildikos
DANNY MARKS: Isabella
DAVID & DAVID, PETER CASE: Copa
DIXON HALL, SUNFORCE: Bamboo
LISTEN: Cabana Cafe
BANANA BOAT: Pinetree til Thu

Wednesday 26
DOUG SAHM: Horseshoe til Fri
THE THROBS, SUCSEX: RnR Heaven
GARBAGEMEN: Cameron
PETER GABRIEL: Maple Leaf Gardens
NEW ORDER, BODINES:
Massey Hall
DITHER, PRAYING FOR RAIN
PIG FARM: Cabana
OTTIS GAYLE: Bamboo
UGENE RIPPER, THE PRESS: Lee's
SUBTERRANIANS: Ildikos
JOHNNIE LOVESIN: Isabella til Sat

Thursday 27
PETER GABRIEL: Maple Leaf Gardens
ROBERT CRAY
ALBERT COLLINS: Diamond
STRANGER THAN FICTION
CHESHYRES: Cabana
BERLIN, THE RAINMAKERS: Cabana
BOFG: Lee's
COMPANY TOWN: Cameron
FLYING DEBRIS: Grossman's til Sat
OTTIS GAYLE: Bamboo
THE PHANTOMS: Ildikos
GUNNER: Isabella Lower
GEORGE OLIVER &
GANG BUSTER: Pinetree til Sat

Friday 28
HOPPING PENGUINS:
Horseshoe til Sat
BREEDING GROUND: Lee's
SLAYER: Concert Hall
GROOVY RELIGION: Cameron
PRINCE CHARLES: Bamboo
THE STEEL LIFE, BAKKA PO: Cabana
SLAYER: Concert Hall
FLESH TONES, SARIN VX
MUSE: Ildikos
PAUL JAMES: Clintons
MARGIE EVANS: Albert's Hall
ABSOLUTE WHORES: Isabella Lower
JOHNNIE LOVESIN: Isabella Cameo

Saturday 29
PRINCE CHARLES: Bamboo
JEFFERY HATCHER: Cameron
BREEDING GROUND: Lee's
MARGIE EVANS: Albert's Hall
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
STICKLEBACKS: Cabana
HOPPING PENGUINS: Horseshoe
PAUL JAMES: Clintons
DEMI MONDE: Ildikos
BOP TOTEM: Isabella Lower
DEJA VOODOO, SHADOWY MEN
DUNDRELLS,
10 COMMANDMENTS
DIK VAN DYKES: RPM
JOHNNIE LOVESIN: Isabella

Sunday 30
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BILLY BRAGG
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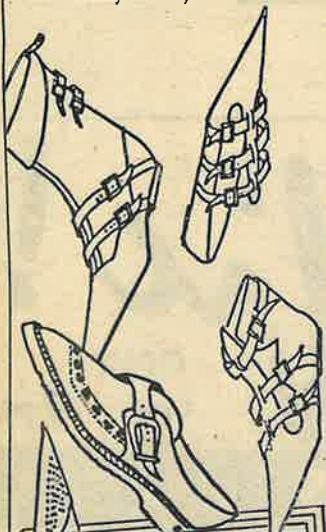
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"Last night the stage crew got drunk, and the kids just kept scrammin' up on the stage, and we had to give 'em a warning. They were spittin' and jumpin' up and started to trash some of the monitors and lights and things and we walked off. And Lemmy came back on and said 'Look, we'll carry on if you'll just behave yourselves.'"

"So then we came back on and started to play 'Killed By Death' and then microphones started to hit Lemmy in the mouth and stuff and we walked off and they started riotin'. These kids, they were screamin' at us, they were tryin' to follow us back to the hotel. They were really wild, these kids. This has nothin' to do with us. They started pinging the security guards with truncheons and stuff. They smashed up the road crew's bus. All we wanted to do was play rock and roll here. I can't understand it why kids do such things."

That's Phil Campbell, Motorhead guitarist.

I like Motorhead, and why not? I like rock and roll, and I like it loud. I regard Motorhead as the most logical link in a chain of figures starting with Jerry Lee Lewis and Gene Vincent, screaming on through the Rolling Stones and the Stooges, and skidding to the present day with a band that lays claim to the greatest name and ugliest lead singer of the whole lot.

All of these bands bear the whiff of something unmistakably evil, and amongst their contemporaries, they are the ones most likely to piss off, nauseate, or generally scare the shit out of the nearest authority figure. In short—the essence of Rock and Roll. No glass is too empty, no drug too mind-wrenching, no groupie too ugly, no speed other than full-throttle. And no one does it like Motorhead.

Of course, this is all image, and the truth often proves to be,

while no commendation for PTA approval, quite a bit tamer. But that's real life, and it has very little to do with rock and roll.

On the phone from New Orleans, Phil Campbell is recovering from the riot that ended the previous night's concert. Isn't there, perhaps, some exaggeration involved in Motorhead's otherworldly—or better yet—under-worldly image?

"No, not really. It's the way we are. It's pretty natural. I don't know what image the kids have of us. They make the image what they want. Things that get wrote about and stuff, sometimes it's over the top. Things are brought out more than they really are, but it's not an impediment to us at all. We just go about like this. We enjoy it. There's no problem."



BETTER THAN HELL

RICK ROCK steps into an orgasmatron and gets Motorhead

What's impressive about Motorhead is that, unlike numerous chain and hide swathed outfits proliferating like mutant rabbits in today's stagnant metal scene, their records live up to the malevolent promise that Lemmy's snarling, wart-cratered face holds. Their latest LP, the promisingly titled *Orgasmatron*, is every bit the pummeling, blood-curdling experience that the name anticipates.

From the opening track onwards, everything seems to get louder, more intense, denser. Lemmy tips off his debt to the Beatles (his favorite band) by structuring the songs simply and classically, a far cry from the nearly formless thrash opuses of bands like Metallica and Megadeth. Underneath all that howling and roaring, there lurks

actual melodies, and a loving devotion to good old pop music.

"We haven't changed for anyone," Phil tells me, by way of explanation. "People think you've got to advance or whatever. But if you don't do a good thing, then why advance? Some bands maybe try to advance too much."

Just what I was thinking, Phil. I don't want Motorhead to change, not one bit. Why, even employing Bill Laswell, a man whose credentials in hip hop, afrobeat and jazz are impeccable and, shudder, even a bit artistic, only served to make Motorhead's attack more overpowering, more insidious. An elegant melding of intellectualism and brute force, of aesthetic elitism and adolescent populism; the creation of the perfect Beast!

"He's just got this vision, Bill," Campbell explains. "He can see music, like. Strange guy. Great bloke."

I hear you, Phil. But I keep thinking, is it all too good to be true? More than mere riff-rakers like AC/DC, or peddlers of velocity like Metallica, Motorhead are the very embodiment of Rock and Roll's innate fury, shorn of specifics of time and age, pushing against the envelope into pure abstraction. But Lemmy, my man, he could be my father! I'll never forget my disappointment upon hearing the band's cover of 'Louie Louie.' What could have been a shock to the very fabric of the cosmos, a wholehearted embrace of a song whose ambiguous threat has made it a universal symbol of that little bit of the uncivilized abyss in all of us, was merely a rote run-through, an uninspired regression into the temporality of the garage. What I want to know, Phil, is *could* Motorhead, *would* Motorhead ever record a ballad?

"Ain't My Crime," Phil says, referring to one of *Orgasmatron*'s most intense tracks. "If you listen to the lyrics on that, that's a Motorhead love song, actually. I don't know. If we were in the mood one day we'd write a ballad, see what came out, like. But we like something that kicks ass. That's what we get off on, like. We just like playing fast."

Now I think we're really rockin'! A Motorhead love song, or is it a Motorhead Love song? Are we all capable of something as overwhelming, as furious as Motorhead Love? Not the sound of violins, but of triple-tracked distortion, earth-fusing percussive bellows, and mutual shrieks of passion that would force cats to burrow into their own navel? I know I'm ready; how about you?

"We've started sellin' earplugs at the gigs now," Phil informs me. "Motorhead earplugs."

There it is! Can't you see it? I was right! I knew I was right all along!

Motorhead loves you. You are saved. You can go now.

a bit more

IG

In Blah Blah Blah, there's a line that goes "From napalm to nice guy." Does that refer to you?

"A lot of people thought that. No, I took that line from an article about the public relations efforts of the Dow Chemical Company, to change their image after the Vietnamese war. It was in *Fortune* or some sort of publication that covers the exciting world of corporate image."

"I thought: Christ, how dare they say that? 'From Napalm to Nice Guy.' Gimme a break! The article was about Dow running ads trying to entice talented college grads to come and work for this company that had a horrible image. So they were putting out these ads: 'Dow. Doing wonderful things to make it a beautiful new world.' So I threw that into the song. It's indicative of a trend right now; all the big corporations, as they become more powerful, become more concerned with public image. Basically, I think they're nervous—nervous with their power."

There have been complaints that your new album is over-produced.

"You'd have to talk to the producer about that (laughs). It's not my job."

I guess a lot of people miss the crazy spontaneity of the Stooges.

"It's not a Stooges' record."

Are you still including Stooges songs in your live show?

"Of course I am. Right now, we've been at it for eight days and we know about 26 songs. Obviously, a lot of those'll be Stooges songs." Since *Raw Power*, you seem to have been trying to wind down and make sense of those crazy days. It seems like the Stooges exert a gravitational pull you can't get away from.

"I understand what you're saying. That's kinda true, yeah. Once you have lived as 'full-tilt' as I have, if you can continue to live and still be in an expressive situation, a lot of what you express is gonna be coloured by that initial experience. For instance, I've worked very, very hard these last few months. Long days. I'm very proud of that, and there's a lot of energy that I've put out. But I can't help but sometimes sit back and remember this other guy who I was. Y'know, you'd have to light a fire under the guy to get him to do any work (laughs). In a way, it was more like the fits and starts of a manic kind of genius. I dunno, it's actually hard to talk about myself in that way. But yeah, whatever the question was... (laughs)"

You talk of that "other person." Don't you see a continuity between him and the person I'm talking to now?

"There's a continuity, and the trick has been this: when I started out, I was this guy, and I didn't want to sit in an office and be told what I was supposed to be good at. I saw music as something that dealt in feelings and that made me feel very alive when I did it. I didn't have any idea whether I would be good at it or not. I'd only played in a high school band, y'know. I was not a musical virtuoso or some child genius. But I knew I wanted to be a writer of some sort, anyway."

"Ever since then it's been a struggle for me to write and perform the best possible work, and get away with it. Which means you've gotta go out and hustle up a record company and get 'em to believe in you. You gotta find money to buy some amps or whatever it is you need to do your job."

"Now it's on a much grander scale, but it's basically the same dilemma. It's like fighting to maintain the peculiar equilibrium that it takes to be dealing in what is basically a mass art, even at the underground level."

Would you still describe yourself as an "international garbageman"?

"No, I wouldn't. But you can take a line from the album. There must be several. A "bull mongrel;" that's in *Blah Blah Blah*."

What kind of music have you been listening to?

"The Smiths, The Cure, Big Audio Dynamite, Siouxsie and the Banshees. Other than that, a lot of Miles Davis, new and old, and still a lot of free jazz from the '60s."

You dedicated your autobiography *I Need More* to Keith Richards. What is it you like about him?

"It was him, more than anything else, that pushed me into this way of life. It was what I heard in his guitar playing, and the song structures of the Rolling Stones early on. Those albums were like the bible to me. Those first four or five Stones albums and about the first five Dylan albums were played over and over until to this day I know every word, every inflection, every note. Something in that music that just gave me the extra little force I needed to sort of break out of the sensible boundaries of my environment and take a chance on my imagination. I guess that's

what I'm trying to say; if you want to find a connection between the other guy and this guy, it's that I'm still making up my own life through the force of my own imagination and trying to manifest it strongly enough so that other people will accept it.

You're about to turn 40. Is that a traumatic turning point?

"No, I sing better now than I did a couple of years ago, and I don't see any reason for the trend not to continue. I think rock & roll has never been a particularly youth experience. The only 'youth' singers that have been pushed have been all the crummy ones, like David Cassidy, Frankie Avalon, Fabian and all that shit. Otherwise, it's really had nothing to do with that, except when it's exploited in a mistaken fashion. I don't care if I'm young or old as long as I like myself."

You've always admired Frank Sinatra. Could you see yourself doing a whole album of that kind of stuff?

"Yeah, I could actually. That's probably how I would approach it, as a separate album."

I'm not trying to make a connection between that and getting old, by the way.

"I don't mind if you do! It's all right with me. When I was 19 and planning to become a lead vocalist, there were three albums that I chose and I would sing along with them in the halls trying to master the phrasing and the vocal inflections. The first Them album by Van Morrison and his band, there was the Rolling Stone's first album, and there was *September of My Years* by Frank Sinatra. When I first heard Sinatra I was four years old, and I recognized it was great. I don't care about whether it's young or old: Great is great. Anyway, I gotta go."

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